MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

CHAS. D. BRAGDON, Western Corresponding Editor.

The Rural New-Yorker is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the Rural an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a Family Journal it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper in America.

AGRICULTURAL.

INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

Kentucky Blue Grass.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker.—Will you be kind enough to give me some information, through the columns of your paper, or otherwise, in relation to Blue Grass, stating what kind or kinds of soil are adapted to it, time of sowing, quantity of seed per acre, &c.? Do you consider it preferable for meadow or pasture to timothy?—W. F. Greer, *Painesville, Lake Co., O.*, 1861.

Our correspondent, we suppose, refers to the Kentucky Blue Grass, which is commonly called here June Grass, *Poa pratensis*, and not the true Blue Grass, or Wire Grass, *Poa compressa*. The former is the favorite pasture grass of Kentucky, where it is known as Blue Grass, and hence the reason that it is known so generally as the Kentucky Blue Grass. Various opinions are entertained in regard to its value, and while some think it the most valuable of all the grasses in our pastures, others regard it as far inferior to others, and comparatively worthless. The truth, no doubt, is that this grass is peculiarly adapted to certain localities, and in these it is exceedingly valuable, while for others we have grasses much its superior. It may be seen in perfection in Kentucky and Tennessee. Prof. Way has shown by analysis that it is far inferior to Timothy in flesh-forming, and especially fat-forming principles. All experience, we believe, shows that, if Kentucky Blue Grass is cut for hay, it must be done when the plant is in flower, as, if the seed is allowed to ripen, a large portion, some say a fourth, of the crop is lost.

It is generally admitted that the produce is less than many other grasses, but the herbage is fine. It is not particular as to soil, and flourishes on dry knolls, or in a wet meadow, though a dry calcareous soil is doubtless the best. This grass is injured by severe drouths, yet it is said cattle will eat it when dry in the field with great relish, and much better than any of our grasses. It is extremely hardy, enduring the winters well, and in Kentucky, where it is so highly prized, and where the winters are mild, it is often found luxuriant during the whole season. For that State, it is said the best Blue Grass pastures are those that are partially shaded. About six quarts of seed are sown to the acre, though in some cases less is used, and we think more might be with advantage. Early in the spring is the best time for sowing.

The following from the *Ohio Farmer* is by a Kentucky correspondent, and gives, no doubt, the general opinion of Kentucky farmers respecting this grass: "Blue Grass, in our climate and soil, is not only the most beautiful of grasses, but the most valuable of crops. It is the first deciduous plant which puts forth its leaves here; ripens its seeds about the tenth of June, and then remains green, if the summer is favorable in moisture, during the summer months, growing slowly till about the last of August, when it takes a second vigorous growth until the ground is frozen by winter's cold. If the summer is dry, it dries up utterly, and will burn if set on fire; but even then, if the spring growth has been left upon the ground, is very nutritious to all grazing stock, and especially to sheep and cattle, and all ruminating animals. When left to have all its fall growth, it makes fine winter pasture for all kinds of grazing animals. Cattle will not seek it through the snow, but sheep, mules, and horses, will paw off the snow and get plenty without any other food. When covered with snow, cattle require some other feeding; otherwise they do well all winter upon it.

"It makes also the best of hay. I have used it for that for twenty years. It should be cut just as the seeds *begin* to ripen, well spread, and protected from the dew at night by windrowing or cocking; the second evening stacked, with salt, or sheltered, with salt also. When properly cured, stock seem greatly to prefer it to all other hay. I would not recommend it for meadow especially, however, because the yield is hardly equal to Timothy and Clover, and because it is more difficult to cut and cure. Any time in the winter, when the snow is on the ground, sow broadcast from three to four quarts of clean seed to the acre. With the spring, the seeds germinate, and are very fine in the sprouts, and delicate. No stock should be allowed for the first year, nor until the grass seeds in June for the first time in the second year. The best plan is to turn on your stock when the seed ripens in June. Graze off the grass, then allow the fall growth, and graze all winter, taking care never to feed the grass closely at any time."

Canada Thistles.

Some years since, in our investigations among the flowers and weeds, we found what was new to us—a Canada thistle with white flowers. In the locality where we discovered this, there were a few among the pink variety, but in no other place did we find them. Having searched all the botanical works within our reach, and not finding the white variety described, we made inquiry of some of our best botanists, and found they were ignorant of its existence. Since then we have watched its increase, and now a few can be found in almost all places in this section of the country where Canada thistles are permitted to grow. About five weeks since, in giving some notes made among farmers and in the harvest field, we playfully remarked:—"The Canada thistle is a pretty flower, very fragrant, and we have discovered a white variety; but we hardly think it worth while to grow seeds on a large scale, for the demand will not be great nor the price remunerative. We would therefore advise farmers to cut down their thistles." This simple remark brought the following letter, and we judge its author, from the desperate effort he makes at sharp writing, has not only labored among the thistles but suffered from their sharp points:

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—A short time since, I chanced, in my rambles, to pick up a copy of the Rural, and in glancing over an article which I supposed was editorial, I discovered the writer, among other items, gave a thrust at the poor "Canada Thistle," and among his remarks he says "*we have discovered a white variety*." Well, said I, here is another evidence that there is *progress*—surely, as Galileo once said, "the world moves;" for in this year of grace 1861, with the war for *slavery* upon us, and among all the new things which are happening under the sun, some one who is connected with the Rural, who writes the editorial "*we*," has discovered a "white variety of the Canada Thistle."

Now, Mr. Editor, I am not considered or called a very smart man. I was raised in the woods in Monroe county, N. Y., and have lived on this revolving earth a full half century. I have been familiar with Canada Thistles full forty years, have worked among them many a day, have tried many experiments with them, in order to become acquainted with their habits, and, if possible, learn how to destroy them, in which I am vain enough to think I have succeeded, and yet my memory runneth not back to any time this side of thirty years when I did not know there was a "white variety."

I wish now to state it is my opinion, founded on long experience and observation, that it is *only* this "white variety" *which produces seed*. I have carefully opened and dissected perhaps thousands of the "balls" or heads of the pink variety, and have never found "*nary seed*." I do not mean to affirm that this is an unfailing or a universal natural law of the existence of the "thistle," but I do say I have never found a fully developed seed, or one which would germinate, in the pink variety.

It may possibly be different where "we" have just discovered the "white variety," but I rather guess if "we" will take the trouble to thoroughly investigate "our" discovery, "we" will find the "white variety" is alone the seed-bearing thistle, and that it is, as a general thing, of rather rare production. It is a great blessing to the world it is so. For if all of this plant, which is annually allowed to ripen on the soil of our negligent farmers, was but full of perfect germinating seed, many parts of the Empire State would have been long ago rendered unendurable, if not perfectly untillable.—James M. Westcott, *Dundee, N. Y.*, 1861.

We do not wonder that the author of the above epistle is "not considered or called a very smart man." Since it came to our hands, we have grown over ninety plants of the Canada thistle from one hundred seeds gathered from the pink variety, and we will send him a peck of plump seed warranted to grow, for a fair consideration. Again, we will send two packages of seeds, one from each variety, and he will not be able to tell the one from the other.

One reason why the Canada thistle does not spread more rapidly from seed is the fact that in many of the seed producing heads is found a white grub that destroys the germ. Another reason is that many of the flowers in both varieties are abortive, producing no seeds. This is particularly the case with the late flowers. In growing plants, we find that the outer covering of the seed comes up with the young plant, as with the cucumber. The seeds sown, for the purpose of testing this matter, were not selected, but planted as taken from the head, rejecting those only that were injured by the grub.

About Seeds and Weeds.

Those who have given particular attention to the ripening of seeds of flowers or grain, know that many varieties will come to maturity if the plant is cut soon after the flowers have fallen, and that even when a plant is considered in full flower, seeds from the earliest blossoms are sufficiently matured to germinate. Some plants too will continue to flower and produce seeds even after being pulled up by the roots. A knowledge of this fact is of great benefit to the seed-grower, for he can pull up the plants, wash the dirt from the roots, and lay them on cloths where they will perfect their seeds, which are saved without much trouble. Many farmers, however, do not seem to understand these facts, and they pull up the tall weeds among the corn and throw them on the ground, in the very best possible condition for the ripening of seed. A careful test, we believe, would prove it to be a fact that a pig weed will ripen more seeds when pulled up and laid in the sun than if permitted to grow. All weeds that have commenced flowering should be collected together in a pile, dried and burned. If gathered before flowers are formed, they may be placed upon the compost heap and mixed with fermenting manures.

The number of seeds produced by our common weeds is really astonishing to those who have not studied the matter. A good plant of dock will ripen from twelve to fifteen thousand seeds, burdock over twenty thousand, and pig-weed some ten thousand. To destroy a plant before seeding, therefore, is a work of no small importance.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

WAYSIDE JOTTINGS.

"Spends most of his time in the garden." Such was the closing sentence of the hasty history of a man of whom I had heard something in the neighborhood—whose son was called an excellent farmer, &c. I determined to call upon this man; for I desired to study his composition—to learn something of the personal character of one who could "find time" to give to such a novelty as a good garden—for outside the "corporation limits" of the town, I have failed to find a *real good* kitchen garden, I am sorry to say.

The two "boys" are cutting oats, and the "father" is away yonder salting the cattle, and picking up the fallen fence. He is coming, and I wait to see him. The reader knows, as well as the writer, that having heard something of the character of a man, we associate with it certain physical features or peculiarities, which we are very sure to find in some form. Here he comes, a straight, wide-awake old man, neat, thoughtful, careful of the comfort and well-being of all about him, whether brute or being. We are not disappointed in his composition. And we are led at once to the garden, which is plainly his pride and pet. It is not unlike other good gardens.

We notice he has a late crop of dwarf peas growing, and ask the kind. "The Strawberry Pea—the best I know of. It is early and productive—occupies but little room. You see this is a late crop. I planted them about the last week in June, for seed. I find the crop that matures from a late seeding are never buggy, as the earlier crop is almost sure to be." Here are black currants, and I may say here, that this fruit is growing in favor in many parts of the West as a wine fruit, and is being more cultivated than formerly. The Black Naples is most grown; in some gardens I have found the Black Grape, but have as yet been unable to detect a difference between the two varieties as grown here. I notice they are grown in this garden in the tree form; and the old gentleman asks if I know how to grow them tree form, and without waiting for an answer, says an English gardener told him to cut out all the eyes or buds except one or two at the base of the cutting, and one or two at the top, and there will be no trouble from sprouts. That is the way his are grown. But the heavy heads, with the burden of fruit, render stakes necessary to keep them upright.

—This is a fine neighborhood—this town of Benton, in Lake Co., Ill.—and I find there is a good deal of rivalry in sheep husbandry. There is one man to whom his neighbors refer as a successful shepherd, and as having one of the finest flocks of Spanish Merinoes in Northern Illinois—Enos R. Ferry. Mr. F. is a young farmer—has built up his farm and business by hard labor. He *has* a fine flock of sheep. He has a buck that I think it will be difficult to beat—four years old. From this animal 22¼ pounds of washed—*thoroughly* washed—wool was sheared the present season, it being only the fleece of one year's growth. Mr. Ferry's flock—the original flock—was bred by Langdon, of Vermont, whose stock, Mr. F. said, was from Hammond's flocks.

Mr. F. says he fed no grain to his sheep last winter, except to the lambs, and the older and infirm ewes. The condition of his breeding ewes to-day confirms this statement; and it seems to the writer a questionable kind of economy in this great grain country. Especially should breeding ewes be well and carefully fed. Mr. F. is doubtless convinced of its profit; for he said oats were the best feed for sheep, and should be fed in the sheaf. He asserted that by feeding one bushel of oats per head in winter, he could add one pound to the weight of each fleece. If wool is worth 30 cents per pound, it would be a good profit on oats at present prices—especially when the cost of threshing and marketing them is saved, even though the improved condition of the animal and increased weight of carcass be not taken into account at all. The oats should be cut middling green, and the sheep will consume all or nearly all of the straw.

Mr. F.'s management of his sheep, his division of flocks, mode of feeding, and handling, is not unlike that of other experienced shepherds. He evidently understands his business. The lambing season is usually from the middle of March to the middle of April—before the flocks leave the winter folds. He sells, as his flocks increase, but few sheep, comparatively, but lets them out to men who will care for them, receiving a share of the wool and the increase.

—Talking about Sorghum, Mr. F. remarked that he had found nothing better for milch cows. He has had experience with it, feeding it in early autumn before feeding Indian corn fodder. While it does not produce more milk than our maize stalks, it does insure better flavor, and a better quality of butter. He has never known it to injure stock when thus fed, though the writer has seen it asserted that it does.

Apricots! Here, on the bottom lands of the Des Plaines, we are invited by Mr. J. L. Gilbert, to sit under his trees and refresh ourselves with apricots—Dubois' Golden Apricot. He jars the tree and down comes a shower of golden fruit—pleasant to taste and talk about! It is grown here on the wild plum stock. The curculio troubles them some, but vigilance is the price of safety; and their safety, it is proven, may be assured by paying this price. There are also pears in the orchard, and plums are here. Mr. G. believes in fruit, and is a successful cultivator of it.

We are invited into the dairy house here. Mr. G. has hitherto made butter for the Chicago hotels, but this year is making cheese. We find the dairy furnished with Roe's Western Reserve Cheese Vat, a neat self-acting cheese press, with patent adjustable hoop, Young's Cast Steel Dairy Knife, and other minor yet convenient and useful apparatus. The last mentioned tool—the knife—was in the hands of a pretty, modest Miss of sixteen—yes, *sweet* sixteen—who was practically demonstrating its value. It *cuts* the curd fine, rendering the scalding and cooking more uniform; saving the necessity of tearing and squeezing it in pieces, as is common with many dairymen. Experienced dairymen who have used this knife, assert that more cheese can be got from the same milk by its use.

We are told by Mr. G. that his neighbor, Mr. White, has thirty-two cows, is an old Herkimer Co. dairyman, and has the finest lot of cheese he ever saw; and we are urged to call upon him. We are reminded by Lead Pencil, Esq., that we have heard of Mr. W. before—not as a dairyman, but as the man who *bought* his neighbors' straw, whereat they laughed exceedingly! Long before we got in Mr. W.'s neighborhood, a gentleman who was giving us a list of the best farmers described the said W. as follows:—"There is a man named White up there who came in, and the neighbors all laughed at his operations. He went to a neighbor and asked him what he would take for forty acres of straw. The neighbor told him he could have it in welcome. Accordingly his teams drew it, as fast as it was threshed, to his barn yard, and it was used as food and litter for his cattle. In the spring it was drawn out on 14 acres of land and plowed under. The ground was planted with corn, and *fourteen hundred bushels* harvested. The next year it was seeded with wheat. The neighbors laughed again, and asked what he was going to sow wheat on it for; he would get all straw. He replied he had rather have all straw than nothing at all as they did. The wheat crop that season generally failed, but Mr. W.'s crop averaged 18 to 20 bushels per acre all through."

Now it may be that this dairyman White is not *the* White who used the straw, but from the appearance of his grain and grass we are inclined to call him the identical White.

But talking about cheese:—We find precisely the same apparatus in use here that we have above described as used by Mr. Gilbert. A prodigal use of adjectives is not the writer's *forte*; but some pretty strong ones, and in the superlative degree, may be used in refering to this dairy of cheese. The writer has never seen better anywhere, and he has seen some dairies east of the lakes. Briefly we talked about the process. The rennet is prepared as follows:—When the calf is killed, the rennet is put on a plate and allowed to stand 12 hours with the curd in it; the rennet is then emptied of the curd, wiped clean, salted, and stretched on a willow stick and dried. It is then put in a jar and salt enough added to keep the liquor sweet. When wanted for use, the liquor is strained from the jar, and a teacupful is usually sufficient for 9f gallons. But the quantity can only be determined by trial. The object is to bring the cheese in from 40 to 60 minutes. The milk is kept cool during the night by filling the water chamber of the vat with cold water—sometimes changing it late in the evening. After the morning's milk is added, if necessary, a little fire is built in the furnace, and the milk heated until "milk warm;" the rennet is then added and the whole stands 40 to 50 or 60 minutes. The curd is then cut with the steel dairy knife above described, and at the same time heated to f10° Feh. This degree of heat is kept up 30 to 40 minutes, and the curd kept stirring the while. The whey is then drawn off and the curd salted and put to press.

—Kenosha! A beautiful little town, with shade and fruit trees in its gardens. Many fine places. Badly bored a few years ago. Four hundred thousand dollars in debt, a friend says—large sum for a small town to invest in railroad stock and pay the interest thereon these times. I do not stop here except to get and answer mail. Take the road due West. Meet an old Eastern neighbor—Col. S.—a bluff, prompt, stern, but kind-hearted man, who always drove his business and prospered—is 76 years old, lives on a small place, does not believe this a fruit country; apple and pear trees have a stiff grass sward under them, and yet they *ought* to bear!—the good old man can see no reason why they should not!

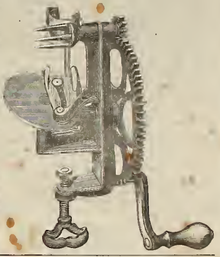
I find him in his oat field hard at work binding oats, with two-thirds of the heads dropped on the ground by the Army Worm. "The mischief take it—I would not touch these oats, only it looks slovenly to leave them on the ground." That is the way with good, neat farmers. The oats were cut green, "in order to save them," and since cutting, these voracious striped gormandizers have eaten the heads off as they lie in the gavels!—two or three quarts under each gavel since Saturday night, when they were cut.

My friend is of the opinion that money is better invested if loaned at 10 or 12 per cent., than invested in farm land to cultivate. He is doing "*that thing*," being careful to see that it is well secured.

—I go West, and travel a fine rolling country—a prairie country, with occasional clumps of burr oak. The surface is gently undulating, and beautifully drained, and white with the ripening harvests. The click, click, of the reapers is heard from all quarters, and the harvest hands gather the golden grain in sheaves. Unlike the old style of "the early day," most of the binders carry rakes, and the ground is more carefully gleaned here than is common in many places. Along here the soil is a light colored mold, with a stiff clay subsoil, and well adapted to grass. But men do not seem to have learned that grain growing is not the best business—that they are rapidly exhausting their soil, and in too many cases, with little effort to return an equivalent. Buildings are good. Sometimes the barn is built first, and again the resources of the man are all expended on "a shell of a house" of no real value to him or to the man to whom he mortgaged his farm in order to get money to build, and into whose hands it will ultimately go, without an "uncommon streak of good luck intervenes to save it."

—Here is a man cutting green oats—let's talk with him. Is cutting them to save them from the grasshoppers, which are hardly less destructive than the Army Worm. Yes, the latter has destroyed his barley crop, eating the heads off—seem to like the tender stalk near the head. They do not eat off the wheat heads, though he has heard of one man, whom he names, who has lost 500 bushels of his wheat by the pests—they eating the foliage and dropping the heads. But that story may have become magnified by use, and we mentally refer Lead Pencil, Esq., to the fact that we have seen hundreds of acres of wheat through which the worm has passed, eating the foliage, and never yet have seen a head dropped by them.

RETURN-TABLE APPLE PARER.



Among all the inventions for paring apples which have come under our observation of late years, the "Return-Table Apple Parer," recently patented by Whittemore Brothers, Worcester, Mass., is the most novel and complete. For paring only we think it just the thing, and likely to give entire satisfaction. In the language of the inventors, "it embraces some of the principles of former patents, but the principle of giving the knife motion around the apple, and causing its return, is *entirely new*, and a patent has been allowed upon it. It takes three turns of the crank to pare the apple and bring the knife back in its place, without the use of a spring, and in the neatest and most quiet manner imaginable; while no machine leaves so little paring upon the apple." It can be seen at the store of N. B. Phelps, No. 3 Buffalo st., who is agent for Rochester and vicinity.

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HAWTHORN HEDGES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—When I last wrote you I expected to continue the subject of live hedges, but think now I must adopt a different course. I am induced to change principally from the frequent calls by letter for information on points that all who desire a good hawthorn hedge may be anxious to know. I would here state to such persons as have not received answers to their inquiries, that the reason is I find the tax of paying postage, in addition to writing, a *little* too much for the benefit accruing to me.

I would state, first, that unless a person wishes to go into the business of growing the thorn from seed largely, I would not advise them to do so on a small scale. It is a tedious operation. Still, if persons desire it, they can generally procure seed by mail. The first thing in planting a hedge, is to have the ground in good tilth—cannot be too clean—well drained, and well graded. Take the ground in its natural state, avoiding all manures, and cultivate eight or ten inches deep, four feet wide. The reason I recommend moving the earth only a spade's depth, is that the thorn makes little or no growth upward until it has a firm foothold in the subsoil. I have seen it recommended to dig two spits deep before planting, but I have never seen any success from such a course.

Another error is, persons unused to the plant think that if the seed be sown in a drill where the hedge is wanted, that they shall attain their point easier than by putting in plants. This is an error. The seed is very uncertain in its germination, and it takes from one to four years for all to come up. Thus, you see, such a hedge would be a sorry spectacle; another thing, the plants would be at uncertain distances—either too thick or too thin. I recommend getting plants from a nurseryman. Plant all large sizes by themselves, small ones the same.

The ground having been well worked, the next process is to grade. This is done by a line, the longer the better—say twenty rods in length. Lay your line for road fences two feet within the boundary. This will give plenty of room for spreading. I prefer more than less, as I find some here are more particular in regard to a foot or a yard of ground than in Europe. I once had to move a road hedge because it intruded two inches, after it had been planted four years, on a road four rods wide. However, my informer or complainant had the law in his favor, and I moved it. This led to an examination of the informer's fences, when it was found he had intruded over half a rod! I advise planting within two feet, say two and one-half, as it is a serious thing to move an old hedge, even if it be but a few inches. Line fences there is no difficulty about, and no danger of removal when once well planted. In planting line fences, I should plant eight or ten inches apart; let them grow three years without cutting, then plash. This will make a most effective hedge, such a one as even our redoubtable friend ROBINSON would not like to scale.

The ground being raked, and the line stretched as tight as possible, will enable the workman to notice inequalities that otherwise would escape observation. Grade with a hoe or rake. Beat the surface a foot wide from the line, back of where the plant is to be placed; this makes a firm surface to work against. If the plants are large-rooted, the next thing will be to dig out a trench four or six inches deep, letting the side next the line be perpendicular, that the plants may stand upright against the beaten surface. Having thrown out the earth on an inclined plane, proceed to place the plants in such position as you wish. For a neat ornamental, or road fence, say four inches apart—fifty to the rod; for line fence, eight, ten, or even twelve inches. For fancy or ornamental hedges, cut the plants off one inch from the ground at time of planting. Plant deeper than the collar.

After placing the plants in the trench, and filling in dirt two or three inches, tread the same firmly on the roots; then fill up the trench, treading lightly thereon. Finally, finish off by straightening up the plants with fingers and thumbs. Then rake off smooth in front of the plants, leaving all neat.

Skaneateles, N. Y., 1861. W. M. BEAUCHAMP.

"THE WHITE GRUB."

DEAR MOORE:—I have to-day had an opportunity to examine what is here called "The White Grub," and its work. This grub has been described to me as being identical with the grub "we boys used to impale on our fish-hooks when we went a fishing,"—but I confess I do not identify it as the same with which I was acquainted. That was a gray grub. This is from one and a quarter to one and a half inches long, with a yellow (a chrome yellow) head, six legs immediately back of the head, which propel the body, dragging the rear part after it. These legs are used to excavate the holes in the earth in which they bury themselves, eating the roots of the herbage entirely clean. The grub is *white* immediately back of the head and half of the body, terminating in the rear in a gray or dirt-color, in some instances nearly black. It is sparsely covered with hairs, light colored. I am not acquainted with it, and inasmuch as I propose to send you specimens, will not undertake a critical description. I have no means at hand for identifying it, and will therefore simply tell you what it is *doing* here.

On my way hither from Danby Station, on the Chicago and Galena Union Railroad, in a stage coach, yesterday, I saw hundreds of acres of timothy and blue-grass pastures without a green blade visible—the roots of these grasses having been *entirely consumed* by these grubs. They eat just below the surface, and the herbage cleaves from the ground as fur from a moth-eaten skin! Their work astonishes me. The ground is literally full and alive with these filthy but active and well-fed fellows. They do not touch red clover, and they shun the wet places and all hard trodden spots. They work in the dry, light, upland prairie soil. I saw fields of corn in which acres of it were withering because the supply of food had been cut off by these grubs—the feeding roots had been consumed. And to-day, in company with Hon. LEWIS ELLSWORTH, [at whose pleasant home this is being written,] I have visited strawberry plantations which are nearly destroyed; have seen three year old European Larches the roots of which are gone, pear stocks destroyed, apple seedlings used up, and Osage Orange plants, by the acre, extinct,—all this devastation having been accomplished by this same "white grub." Now, I have seen the army worm at work, and the grass-hoppers clipping off the oat heads at reaper rate, but I charge this pest with being the "hardest case" yet; for these timothy and blue-grass meadows and pastures are not going to revive when the grub disappears and the earth is moistened by the fall rains. The roots are destroyed—no vitality is left. There will be no more fall feed, and no spring herbage. It must be re-seeded.

Many farmers are turning their hogs, unadorned with "rings in their noses," into these pastures, and they fatten on these root-eating grubs. What shall we do with these pastures and meadows? After considerable inquiry, the writer is convinced that, if it is not desired to plow the land, and crop it before seeding, he would harrow it this fall—right away—thoroughly turning up the grubs, then sow the seed—timothy and clover—and *roll* it thoroughly. The roller will kill most or all of these grubs; they are very easily killed, and with the proper mulch, a good crop of grass may be secured next season. I notice that the newly seeded fields do not seem to be infested—the old meadows and pastures with the thick sward suffering most. The reader may draw his own inferences from this fact.

You shall hear more, as I learn more of it. Meantime let some member of the distinguished STUMBLEsnooze family look at the specimens herewith forwarded. CHAS. D. BRAGDON.

NAPERVILLE, Ill., August 28, 1861.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Colts on a Hard Floor.

SOME people state that colts should stand on a hard plank floor, in order to toughen them for a hard road. It looks to me like putting hard, thick shoes on an infant's foot, to raise corns that will trouble him for life. Let colts stand on a soft, moist floor, says the *New England Farmer*.

Lice on Cattle.

SILAS MASON gives the following simple remedy for these vermin, in the *New England Farmer*.—"Take poke root, sometimes called blue dragon or hellebore, and boil enough to get a very strong tea or wash, and apply it as a wash thoroughly, and it will surely kill every one of the vermin, and without the least detriment to cattle. One good application is sufficient."

Skimming Milk.

S. L. WATTLES writes to the *Country Gentleman*, "Our women have a way of taking off the cream without the use of the skimmer. They use a knife only. They run the knife around the milk in the pan, to separate the cream from the sides of the pan. Then they set the bottom of the milkpan at the edge, on the rim of the cream-pan; then with the left hand elevate one side of the milk-pan so that the cream, with the help of the knife in the right hand, will run off into the cream-pan. After a little practice it is done very quickly, and saves both time and cream."

Pigs—How to Help Them Along.

A WRITER in the *Stock Journal* says that if you should want to make anything very nice of your pigs (for you can), when the pigs are about ten days old commence to carry the basin of warm milk into the pen, and let the pig get hold of the edge of the basin, and spill a little into his mouth; if he gets any, he is learned. Make a small pen outside of the pen, and cut a small hole, not large enough for the old sow, but for the pigs to come into the little pen; then put a small flat trough in it, and feed them each time sweet milk, and, as they advance in age, give them of the same milk as the sow.

Administering Medicine to Horses.

GEO. BEAVER writes thus to the *American Agriculturist*:—"I consider the usual method of giving medicine to horses by drenching, as it is called, highly objectionable. In this process, the horse's head is raised and held up, a bottle introduced into his mouth, his tongue pulled out, and the liquid poured down. In his struggle, some of the medicine is quite likely to be drawn into his windpipe and lungs, and inflammation and fatal results sometimes follow. A better way is to mix the medicine with meal, or rye bran; make it into balls, pull out the horse's tongue, and place a ball as far back in his mouth as possible; then release his tongue, and he will almost certainly swallow the ball. Or the dose may be mixed with meal and honey, or other substance that will form a kind of jelly, placed upon a small wooden blade made of a shingle, and thrust into the back part of his mouth, when he will very easily swallow it."

Pasturing Mowing Lands in Autumn.

JOHN JOHNSTON, who is good authority on all matters relating to practical farming, writes to the *Boston Cultivator* as follows:—"I think it bad policy to pasture meadows—mowing ground—in autumn or spring. We can get here, double the quantity of hay, if the meadow is not pastured, and therefore we only require half the land to get the given quantity of hay from, and the other half can be appropriated to something else." This agrees with the opinion of the *Maine Farmer* upon the subject, but a correspondent of the *Valley Farmer* gives reasons for an opposite course. He says:

"My experience is that pasturing meadows of any kind in the fall season of the year, is a decided advantage to them, provided they are not pastured too much, and for the following reasons:—If a meadow is left to stand after harvest without pasturing in the months of August and September, if there be any fall rains, the wild grasses and weeds will spring up and as they grow much taller than the fall growth of timothy or blue-grass, they seem to choke out the fall growth of the young grass; and if the weeds and wild grasses are allowed to remain all winter and spring, they will be materially in the way the following harvest. I have had ample experience to prove this in our rich bottom lands. My opinion is that meadows should be pastured after harvest, say in the months of September and October, sufficiently to keep down the weeds and wild grasses. I have noticed, particularly in our bottom meadows, where a partition fence ran through the meadow and where one side was pastured regularly every fall season, and on the other side, being a corn field, or in some way not admitting pasture by stock, that while the side of the meadow regularly pastured every fall would keep a good set, the other side, not being pastured, would in a few years be taken with wild weeds and become worthless, unless broken up and newly set."

Discipline vs. Strength.

UNDER this head, the Maine *Farmer* brings up a subject which is deserving of the attention of all farmers where oxen are used for labor,—especially "about these days," when cattle-shows prevail. We have in several instances noticed the undue value which has been given to mere strength in working oxen. We have attended shows where the pair that could move the largest load on a drag or stone-boat, were awarded the first premium. This is just about as unreasonable as to award a premium to a horse merely because he had trotted a mile in less time than any other in the class. In either case, a single quality only, and that not generally the most important, is considered. Our contemporary observes:

"We have seen oxen, well matched for size, color and disposition, once that were trained to draw upon a stone-drag, and to do it in the best manner; and yet, for the every day work of the farm in the various operations of plowing, carting, &c., they were as unfitted as a pair of two-year-old steers, so far as perfect discipline and handiness are concerned. They had been trained to pull, but knew nothing about anything else. If upon a cart, it would take half an acre of land for them to turn round on; and if engaged in loading manure, the cart could not be backed to the heap, especially if the chance for doing it was somewhat narrow, without lifting at the wheel, or bothering and fretting the cattle."

Just so. It may be of great importance to have a yoke of oxen that can "twitch" the biggest log in the "lumber-swamp," and for this great size may be an object, but for the general purposes for the farm, we have often seen medium-sized cattle that were far more useful. Some of our Connecticut friends,—whose handsome oxen will move a load backwards with about as much facility and exactness as any could move it forwards, governed only "by the word of mouth," and which at the same time could tire good horses at a fair test with the plow,—understand this matter.

About Keeping "a Crower."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New England Farmer* who resides in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and rejoices in the *nom de plume* of "Cock-a-doodle-doo," thus treats this important topic:

"I take pleasure in perusing the communications to your valuable paper, and am sometimes amused at the queer notions put forth in some of them. For instance, in a letter in the June number, signed "Warfield, Vt," the writer states:—'I do not keep a crower, as I save the cost of keep, and besides, what is a greater advantage, the hens may sit several days longer on their eggs without spoiling them for use.' What does he mean by the term 'a crower?' Is it a crow of the comparative degree? Crow, crower, crowest—or is it an animal that crows and does nothing else? But, joking aside, I cannot agree with 'Warfield' at all, respecting the economy of not keeping a 'crower.' If the hens are not worth the cost of keeping a crower besides their own keep, they are a poor set; besides, it is very ungenerous to deny them the pleasure of a companion while the fancier takes all the eggs he can get from them.

"The bird in question, call him what you may, is of great consequence in a hen yard. He talks to the hens, helps them to select their nests, sympathises with them in all their troubles, settles all their differences, calls them to breakfast and dinner, protects them from their enemies, &c. How is Warfield to keep up his stock or improve it? He must be totally dependent on some one else who is liberal enough to keep a crower, or else he will be in a bad fix. Again, as to the eggs keeping sound while sat upon. He must be a half-and-half hen fancier who does not take in the eggs every day. I never have any stolen nests in my establishment. I keep eleven hens and a crower, and can tell to which hen every egg belongs when I take it from the nest; besides, I should like something more than mere assertion to convince me that a fertilized egg will not keep as well as the eggs from "Warfield's" hens. I would recommend him to get a crower, and raise half a dozen pullets every summer, in order that he may have a continuous yield of eggs, and be enabled to put away the old hens after they have passed their prime.

"I would recommend the Black Hamburg as the best kind of fowls for general use, and they would suit 'Warfield' to a nicety, as they never want to sit; they are good layers; the eggs are nearly as large as those of the Black Spanish: and the fowls are handsome and well proportioned—not so long legged as the Spanish. They have large rose combs, which droop prettily on one side, and are hardy and easily kept. With these few remarks I will close, hoping that the opinion which seems to prevail in the States, 'that a crower ought not to crow,' will shortly be exploded."

Inquiries and Answers.

HUNGARIAN GRASS FOR HAY—WHEN SHOULD IT BE CUT?—If those of the RURAL readers who have cultivated this grass will give their views as to what stage of growth it should be cut for making hay, they will oblige many farmers who lack this experience.—J. B. POTTER, *Madison, Lake Co., O.*

"COERCION" AS APPLIED TO SWINE.—I, as a sufferer, wish to inquire of those loyal to the agricultural interest, through their organ, the RURAL, by what means we can effectually put down rebellion among our swine and stop the lawless attempts to overthrow our beautiful pastures and meadows. Putting a wire twice through the rim of the nose, with a twist to keep it there, seems rather severe coercion, to imprison would be expensive, and would hurry them to the barrel which they are in no way prepared to *meat*. Is there any mode of disabling that hostile member by injuring the cord with an awl or knife, so that they can not "run the thing into the ground." Can it not be performed on the little "Jeff's," and make them *swear allegiance*?—E., *North Chili, N. Y.*

FOUNDER.—I have a colt which has had the misfortune to become foundered. What shall I do for him?—W. R., *Howard, N. Y.*, 1861.

We give the treatment recommended by two veterinary authors, and our inquirer may choose for himself which to adopt:

According to JENNINGS, if the animal is in full condition, two quarts of blood should be taken from each of the fore feet; an active purging ball should be given, followed by one-drachm doses of belladonna, made into pills, every four hours; poultices of flaxseed meal should be applied to the feet for several days; injections of soap and water also ought not to be neglected. By this treatment the animal is usually well again in a week, or even less; but if the disease is neglected until it becomes chronic, the animal will ever after remain unsound, though he may be rendered useful. From the alteration or disorganization of structure that takes place, there can little be done in the chronic stage, except careful shoeing, which the smith should understand.

WM. HENRY HERBERT prescribes the following remedies:—*Aconite, Bryonia, Veratrum, Arsenicum*, and *Rhus toxicodendron*.

Aconite, if there is inflammation, the animal stands as if rooted to one spot, the breathing is hurried and interrupted, the breath is hot, and the pulse accelerated. *Dose*—Six drops every one, two, or three hours.

Bryonia, complete stiffness of the limbs, with swelling of the joints. *Dose*—Six drops every two hours.

Veratrum, if it is brought on by violent exercise. *Dose*—The same as directed for Bryonia.

Arsenicum, if it is caused by bad or heating food, or after a cold drink, when overheated. *Dose*—The same as directed for Aconite.

Rhus toxicodendron, if there is much pain in the feet, and the animal is very stiff in his movements. *Dose*—Six drops or eight globules three times a day, at the same time, the limbs may be bathed with a solution of Rhus, externally, twice a day.

W. H. B., *Auburn, N. Y.*—We are not aware that a Naval School is in existence in Buffalo. The best way of ascertaining would be to drop a line to some of the local papers.

POSTS HEAVING.—In compliance with the request of a "Constant Reader," I would say that I live on a heavy soil, and have tried different methods of setting posts, but never succeeded in keeping them in until I filled the surrounding space with stone, exclusively, using no dirt, and driving them in well with an iron bar. I have posts set in this way that have stood well for three years.—M. C. HOPKINS, *Ripley.*

Rural Notes and Items.

HO! FOR THE AGRICULTURAL FAIRS!—This is the season of Fairs, when it is the duty, as we trust it is the pleasure, of the great mass of our readers to contribute to the success of the exhibitions in their respective States and localities. Let those who would promote the cause of Rural Improvement through associations and their exhibits, make proper efforts in the right direction, by attending at least one Fair and contributing thereto the product of industry, skill or taste. This is a matter in which Farmers, Horticulturists, Manufacturers, and indeed producers and artizans of most classes, can cordially unite, and each should strive to demonstrate some "progress and improvement" even in time of war and its attendant excitement. While we unitedly sustain the War for the Union, let us not forget or neglect to promote the interests which must be relied upon to maintain that War and insure the continued prosperity of the People and Country.

THE NEW YORK STATE FAIR, to be held at Watertown next week—Sept. 17th to 20th—promises to be worthy the Society and State. The arrangements are said to be very complete, and a large attendance and fine exhibition may be anticipated. The local committees have made ample provision for the occasion, including the reception and accommodation of strangers, while the preparations of the Society are said to be such as cannot fail of eliciting public approval. Arrangements have been made to convey Stock and Articles for exhibition, to and from the Fair, *free*, over the Hudson River, New York Central, Erie and Elmira and Canandaigua Branch, Rome, Watertown and Potsdam Railroads. Meetings for Agricultural Discussions will be held each evening during the Fair, in a central, commodious and well lighted room. The Annual Address will be delivered on Friday by the Hon. WM. M. EVARTS, of New York.

—For list of other Fairs see last week's RURAL.

THE FAIR OF THE MILWAUKEE AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL ASSOCIATION was held last week. Our Western Corresponding Editor was present, and informs us in a hasty note that the exhibition of Horses was large, there being 150 entries; and that the quality of the stock was in the main excellent. The Wisconsin herds of Durhams, Devons and Alderneys were well represented. There was a large exhibition of Swine, embracing some animals worthy of further notice. There were pens of Spanish and French Merino Sheep, South Downs, Leicesters and Cotswolds. No premiums were offered for manufactured articles, except Agricultural Implements and Machinery; neither for Farm, or Orchard, or Garden products—hence there was no exhibition in these departments. There was a respectable exhibition of Farm Implements, though not a large number. The Fair was poorly attended, and in that respect a failure. Our Aid has notes of the noteworthy features, which will appear hereafter.

OUR ACKNOWLEDGMENTS are due and tendered to the Officers of various Agricultural Societies—State, Provincial and Local—for premium lists, bills, and complimentary cards of admission to Fairs. Such favors are gratefully appreciated, though their number precludes further notice of each exhibition than was given in our list last week, while our lack of the power of ubiquity will limit personal responses to invitations. We hope, however, to attend several Fairs in this State, Canada, and the West, the prominent features of which will be noted for the information of RURAL readers.

REPORTS OF FAIRS.—We shall be glad to receive accounts of the most noteworthy features of the Agricultural Fairs now being held, from those who can and will give brief, condensed reports. What we desire is a summary of the most important features and doings, statement of receipts, success compared with former years, &c. Correspondents and officers of Societies will therefore oblige us by furnishing notes of their exhibitions, with such additions as they think will prove interesting and useful to the agricultural community.

OREGON SPRING WHEAT.—We are indebted to Mr. BENTON BARNARD, of Livingston Co., for a sample of Spring Wheat grown from seed obtained in Oregon. The head is peculiar, being flat and about an inch wide—having several branches on each side, and thus unlike any other wheat we have ever seen. It is quite prolific,—the berry white and fair, superior to ordinary varieties of spring wheat. Mr. B. sowed one bushel of seed (on about an acre of ground) the middle of April, when other kinds were sown, but the crop ripened and was cut a week earlier. The yield is estimated at 40 bushels. We are promised the exact figures as to ground and yield as soon as measured.

—Mr. R. S. CHAPIN, of West Bloomfield, N. Y., has sent us a handsome sample of red wheat, known as the "Hopewell Wheat," having originated on the farm of a Mr. WHITVIER, in the town of Hopewell, Ontario county. Mr. C. thinks "it as early or even earlier than the Mediterranean; it grows on a good, nice straw, stands up well, and bids fair."

IT IS PAID FOR!—As our terms are cash in advance, those who receive the RURAL without having subscribed for it, will please understand that some one has kindly "assumed the responsibility." Such is the fact in regard to the copy concerning which we have just received this note from Chillicothe, Ohio:—"I have for some time been the recipient of your valuable paper, and its weekly appearance is looked for with great interest by my wife and self—she for the interesting domestic matter contained therein, and I for the decided stand you take on the '*E Pluribus Unum*' question. I think you give evidence of being '*all right*.' But, my dear sir, *to whom* am I indebted for this privilege, or am I reading your paper without compensation? If so, write me, and I will 'fork over.' I desire a continuance of it as long as you furnish us with such recipes, &c., and are sound on the Union—for if sentiments like yours were promulgated in our papers generally, 'secesh' would not receive much sympathy."

OUR FALL CAMPAIGN.—The prompt responses to our offer, last week, of the RURAL from September 1st or October 1st to January, on trial, at only half price, are encouraging. The first was from Livingston Co., N. Y., with a remittance for several trial subscribers, closing with this remark:—"At the extreme low price you advertise, I hope to be able to send you a large list." Some order the paper sent for the Trial Term to friends, near and distant, as a present. To-day we have received orders to send copies to Scotland and Australia. Though we make no immediate profit on trials, we hope to circulate at least five thousand copies, and trust RURAL agents and other friends will kindly aid in the endeavor. See particulars on seventh page.

EDITORIAL CHANGE.—Mr. Chas. D. Bragdon, for several years past the editor of the *Prairie Farmer*, has withdrawn from that paper, and associated himself editorially with Mr. Moore, of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. Mr. Bragdon will travel extensively through the Northwest this summer and autumn, and then remove to Rochester, N. Y., where his duties will compel him to remain permanently. We part with Mr. Bragdon with reluctance. He has been a sincere friend of agricultural progress, and an efficient laborer in the Western field.—*Wisconsin Farmer.*

We copy the above item in order to correct the statement relative to Mr. BRAGDON'S removal to Rochester. Brother HOYT is in error, as no such removal is contemplated. Though Mr. B. would undoubtedly prove an invaluable office associate, he will continue in the equally important position now occupied—that of Western Corresponding Editor, residing and traveling in the West. And all who have read his letters in this and previous issues of the RURAL will admit that he is "the right man in the right place"—for what he imparts is of interest and value to both Western and Eastern readers. Though not now connected with a paper *published* in the West, our large and wide circulation there makes Mr. B. "an efficient laborer in the Western field."

—The following correction and appreciative notice is from the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, Chicago:

AN ERROR CORRECTED.—In a late issue, in noticing the withdrawal of C. D. Bragdon, Esq., from the editorship of the *Prairie Farmer*, and his connection as Western editor with MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER, we inadvertently stated a removal to Rochester, as contemplated by him. We are happy to learn from Mr. Bragdon that such is not the case. His able letters to the NEW-YORKER have already largely increased the value of that paper to our Western farmers, and we notice that they have become prominent "clippings" in the agricultural departments of our exchanges. Mr. Bragdon has a good eye, a ready pen, and we are glad that he is still to be "a permanency" among us.

The News Condenser.

—There are now 1,800 "contrabands" at Old Point.

—There are now over 800 men employed in the Watervliet arsenal.

—Business affairs have assumed a more cheerful aspect in Rhode Island.

—The stage fare from Sacramento to Missouri has been reduced to $165.

—There are upward of 22,000 persons in England and Wales who are blind.

—All the Union postmasters in East Tennessee are being removed by Jeff. Davis.

—The private subscriptions to the Italian loan have already amounted to 965,000,000 francs.

—A scion of the oldest barony in the Empire died a few days since in an Irish poorhouse.

—A fine marble quarry has been found in Southern Oregon, about 20 miles from Jacksonville.

—Accounts from Hayti state that the coffee crop there promises an unusually large yield.

—The Wilmington, Del., city election has resulted in the election of an entire Union ticket.

—It is estimated that the wealth of Massachusetts amounts to twelve hundred million dollars.

—The coronation of the King and Queen of Prussia will take place at Konigsberg, in October.

—The widow of ex-Gov. Bouck died at the old homestead, in the town of Fulton, on the 10th ult.

—Salt is selling in Richmond at $5 to $7 per barrel. No wonder they want the Kanawha region.

—Gen. Watkins, a commander of the Southern forces in Missouri, is a half brother of Henry Clay.

—Nearly the whole amount, $10,000,000, of the new loan assigned to Boston has been already taken.

—The New Orleans Delta says the sugar crop is very large, but planters don't know what to do with it.

—The Cincinnati tradesmen give notice through the papers that they will receive treasury notes at par.

—The census of Nova Scotia, just completed, shows a population of 350,690, against 276,117 in 1851.

—The exportation of cereals from California to other parts, the past year, amounts to $4,000,000 in value.

—A Parisian journalist, mortified at the rejection of an article he had written, recently hung himself.

—The Rabbis in Cracow and Tarnow, Poland, have forbidden women in hoops from attending the synagogue.

—A detachment of a Massachusetts regiment captured, on the 2d inst., 22 of the Charleston Home Guard.

—The emigration to Oregon, now on the way, is said to amount to 3,000 wagons, and from 12,000 to 15,000 souls.

—The number of spindles in Ireland, running on the manufacture of flax, is 550,000, employing 27,000 people.

—The receipts of grain by lake, at Buffalo, on the 6th inst., were very heavy, amounting to over 944,000 bushels.

—A whale in Nantucket harbor, on Friday week, created quite a furore among the population of that neighborhood.

—Tennyson is expected to write the poem for the opening of the great World's Fair at London, during the coming year.

—We learn that the Erie County Savings Bank, on the 6th inst., sent a subscription of $25,000 to the Popular Loan.

—The New York Collector employs female revenue officers, whose duty consists in searching suspicious parties of their sex.

—There is a man in East Bridgewater, Mass., 64 years old, who weighs 320. He has never stopped growing since he was born.

—On the 31st ult., a severe shock of earthquake was experienced at Cincinnati, arousing the people from their sleep.

—The Navy Department has recently furnished Fort Pickens with thirty nine inch guns and munitions, and 3,000 shells.

—Garibaldi was one of the first to sign the Italian protest, originated by Mazzini, against the French occupation of Rome.

—An aerolite fell near Lancaster, Eng., on the 1st ult. It weighed about 63 pounds, and was buried nearly six feet by its fall.

—William Lyon McKenzie died in Toronto, on Wednesday week. Mr. McKenzie was a leader in the Canada troubles of 1837-8.

—The Quartermaster's Department in St. Louis employs 700 women, and in another week the force will be increased to 2,000.

—A city horse railroad is to be immediately commenced in Montreal, the length of which, when completed, will be 16 miles.

—The quantity of coal mined in Yorkshire, England, last year, was 8,500,000 tons. The number of collieries is now about 400.

—There is an improvement in recruiting in many of the cities and country towns since the second call of the President.

—Letters from Bordeaux state that a ship just arrived from Senegal has brought upward of 10,000 parrots and paroquets.

—Since the 4th of March last, there have been 69 changes in the office of the Auditor of the Treasury for the Postoffice Department.

—There are one thousand one hundred and two newspapers and four hundred and eighty-one magazines published in Great Britain.

—An unsuccessful attempt to seize ex-Gov. Thomas, of Maryland, was made by the secessionists of that State on Friday week.

—The English Government inspector of railways has stated that the rate of speed on railways should not exceed forty miles an hour.

—The citizens of Oregon are much concerned at the removal of the U. S. troops, anticipating trouble with the border Indians.

—A magnificent collection of mounted diamonds, the property of the late Sultan, are now on exhibition and for sale in London.

—The residents of Poultney, Vt., intend celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town on the 21st inst.

—Among the shipments last week from Boston to foreign parts, were three hundred and eighty-three barrels of shoe pegs to Liverpool.

—Hon. A. G. Dana, M. D., LL. D., one of the most distinguished citizens of Vermont, died at Brandon, in that State, on the 21st ult.

—The increase of correspondence from the Washington postoffice, consequent on the war, is enormous—70,000 letters a day being sent off.

—Several of the Cape Ann fishing vessels are armed with rifled cannon. Privateers will meet with a warm reception if they venture to attack them.

—A few gentlemen of St. Louis have subscribed $1,400 for the purchase of a carriage and a pair of horses, which they will present to Mrs. Fremont.

—Hon. Chas. Henry Foster, M. C. from North Carolina, has arrived at Washington for consultation with the Government on the affairs of his State.

—By the Wyandotte, we have news from Fort Pickens to August 23. The troops were all in good health. Large numbers of the rebel troops had deserted.

—Citizens of Tennessee are leaving that State in great numbers, rather than take the oath of allegiance to the Government of the Southern Confederacy.

—The latest returns of the Bank of England show that its vaults contain but £12,380,445, against £15,351,944 at the same time last year—a decrease of $10,000,000.

—Lieut. Cate engaged 20 bakers in Lawrence, Mass., and vicinity, on his recent visit home. This will increase his force to the basement of the Capitol to about 75.

—News from Louisville indicates the certainty of the Kentucky Legislature giving its whole weight in the support of the administration. Gov. Magoffin promises obedience.

HORTICULTURAL.

GROWING DOUBLE FLOWERS.

On this subject there seems to be a good deal of misunderstanding, and many of the attempts of the press to throw light upon it only make the matter more dark. In a late number of the *Country Gentleman*, a lady having been informed that the double Gillystock or Ten-Week-Stock produced no seeds, and wishing to preserve the fine varieties she possessed, wrote to the editor for information, and the following is the response:

(1.) "It is a mistake to suppose that double flowers produce *no* seed, but they produce them very sparingly. (2.) Any one who sows seed from single flowers expecting the plants to produce double flowers, will be mistaken. (3.) All flowers in a state of nature are single. It is only by long continued high cultivation that double ones are produced at the expense of the botanical perfection of the flower, the stamens being changed into petals in the double flowers."

Several statements in the above are incorrect. It is not true all flowers in a state of nature are single. Double flowers are produced by nature, and we could if necessary name a dozen examples. The present season we saw a perfectly double May-Weed. Although it is true that flowers become double by the change of the stamens into petals, yet generally all are not so changed, so that practically the change is of no importance, though sometimes both stamens and pistils are sacrificed, and in that case *no* seed is produced. This is true of the Double Stock, which never produces a seed. It is true also of the Balsam, for though seed is often found on plants that bear perfectly double flowers, yet it is produced by semi-double flowers, which are often found on the same plant with those that are double. We have never obtained a seed from a good double Balsam. In *composite* flowers the organs are usually as perfect in double flowers as in those that are single. This is the case with the Double Zinnia, and we obtain as many seed from one that is perfectly double as from the single flower. Perhaps it is not botanically correct to call a composite flower double, for the doubling is simply an enlargement of the disc flowers.

Those who sow seed produced from single flowers expecting to obtain those that are double, will not in all cases be disappointed, as is stated above. Our best Stock seed is obtained from Erfurt, in Prussia, and from eighty to ninety per cent. will be double; yet this seed is all produced from single flowers, with no double near. It is done by a process not well understood here. The plants, we believe, are grown in pots, four or five in a small pot, every one showing double flowers being removed. Here they are kept in a poor soil with little water until about the time of flowering, when they receive a liberal watering for a few days, until the flowers begin to fall. They are then kept dry until the seed is ripened.

Long continued skillful cultivation sometimes produces double flowers, but unassisted nature is as often successful. Florists have long tried to produce a double Zinnia in vain, but last season the horticultural world was surprised at the appearance of double specimens from its native locality.

WESTERN MICHIGAN.

A MISCELLANEOUS TALK.

We noticed the *Cherry Slug* had been busy in the gardens of the Waukegans, destroying the beauty and foliage of both cherry and pear trees. But little damage had been done to the trees on Mr. Douglas' premises, and I asked the reason. "Because I get rid of them. It is an easy matter; just throw dirt into the tree with spade, shovel, or even the hands, when it is dry, and they will soon disappear. A repetition of this application usually exterminates them."

And yet, with this simple remedy, there are scores of trees in Waukegan, and elsewhere, that are permanently injured by this filthy slug — all because of want of vigilance, care, *action* on the part of the owner. A good gardener believes a tree that is worth having is worth taking the trouble to keep; and the man who is so faithless as not to take such trouble is not deserving a tree — and there are a good many of this class in all countries. We find the Baldwin (dwarf) apple bearing full, and by ringing, Mr. Douglas gets good crops of the Northern Spy. He says he thinks the trees receive little injury from the ringing process.

Here are hundreds of bushels of the New Rochelle Blackberry, just beginning to blacken. They are growing beside the native berry, and along side the Dorchester, and there is nothing that compares with it in productiveness. It needs but little protection, and if planted four feet apart and the suckers kept down, they will produce more than any other blackberry known — so says Mr. D. He regards them as sustaining the relation to other blackberries that the Wilson does to strawberries, in flavor, time and mode of ripening, and productiveness.

With great emphasis, he pronounces the Dorchester an arrant *humbug* — unworthy the confidence of planters in the West.

"Although dwarf apples do so finely with you, Mr. Douglas, I have seen nothing to encourage planting them on the prairies," said Mr. Dunlap, of the Farm Committee. Douglas replied, "I fear they will not do well on the prairies until people learn to protect them in winter."

Large quantities of both red and white Dutch Currants are grown here — the latter particularly, in great perfection. Mr. Hull (of the Committee) says currants are easily protected from the birds by hooping the bushes, or tying them closely together, slipping off the hoop or string when it is desired to pick them. Their season is also prolonged in this way. We have seen them preserved by inclosing a bush in a white, or light colored cotton cap or bag, drawing the mouth of the bag close together at the base of the bush.

Here is the Rambo apple in bearing; it suffered largely during the hard winters of '55 and '56, and '56 and '57, and was consequently discarded; but subsequent experiment induces the belief that it is to become one of the most valuable of our western apples.

Quinces are bearing here, and Grapes are loaded with fruit. Both Douglas and Dunlap (M. L.) think the Concord one of the best grapes we have got. Douglas said, "We have got to put in and propagate it, grow it and sell it in place of the Isabella and Catawba." He intends to have it take the place of these grapes, and sell it at the same price, another year. He doubts if the Delaware ever comes up to the popular expectation. Says that in 1848 A. J. Downing's attention was called to it, and he called the public attention to it. It was known ten years before the public petted it. How does it happen, he asks, that it stood still ten years without attracting general notice?

Talking about pears on quince, Mr. Douglas said the pear should be grafted on *short* stocks, so that they will not have to be covered so deep in order to cover the quince roots. We were looking at some trees in a neighboring garden that had been buried sixteen inches, which was too deep. Better far make two roots of a single cutting.

Here is an idea. In one part of the pear orchard, we find the White Doyenne pear in bearing. The center of the tree had been grafted with a Flemish Beauty, the design being to clip off the drooping Doyennes when the Flemish Beauty begins to bear.

Mr. Douglas had a fine lot of pear seedlings — the only lot I have met with in the West; but they have received great injury from the large white grub, and the gray cabbage grub is also at work in them: so badly that the men were compelled to search for them with table forks and tin cups in order to save the plants.

In a former paper I have referred to a class of men who jump at conclusions — who are led by paper prescriptions to practices that the sound sense of a thinking man would teach him to avoid. I have another illustration at the hands of my friend Douglas, which it will be useful to give.

Those who know anything of plum culture, and of the habits of the curculio, know that the latter is a good judge of good fruit, and almost invariably attacks the choicest fruit — that he will not touch a Blue Damson when he can find as convenient an Imperial Gage. One of Mr. Douglas' friends who reads, and had seen it asserted that Sweet Elderberry leaves, scattered in a plum tree, would repel the Turk, importuned him to try the experiment, expressing great confidence in its efficacy. Accordingly an experiment was instituted. An Imperial Gage and Blue Damson stood side by side, and were selected for the experiment, and the latter fortified with the invincible elderberry.

The Turkish foe soon attacked and destroyed his Imperial victim, scorning to demean himself by an attack upon the modest Damson. About the time he had completed the destruction of the Imperial Gage, the sapient friend called to see the result of his prescription.

"Didn't I tell you so?" he triumphantly exclaimed, as he looked upon the apparent realization of his prediction.

"But wait," said the wag Douglas; "let us see if the enemy does not attack the Blue Damson, now that he has nothing more to do in the Gage tree."

Fresh elderberry leaves re-enforced the old garrison, but the day of our visit witnessed the triumph of the Turk and his backer over *Sambucus Canadensis* and its credulous proselyte. The Damsons were falling mortally wounded!

Mr. D. is quite successful in growing evergreens from seed, having fine beds of Balsams, Spruce and Pines. The soil in which he grows them is a stiff loam, if we remember right. He protects them from the sun by square frames made of lath, which are supported above the bed by boards set edgewise on the outside of the bed — six or eight inches wide. After the weather gets warm, these boards are taken away, and bottom ventilation is given them — the frames or screens being supported by blocks. Mr. Douglas has this year made his frames of material *narrower* than the ordinary sawed lath, which he had sawed to order. It cannot be more than an inch and a half wide, if indeed it is as wide as that. He prefers it because it makes a lighter frame to handle and the drip from the narrow lath, in a storm, is less, and injures the tender evergreens less.

THE COMMITTEE MAKE ANOTHER VISIT.

And the writer goes with them to visit the pear orchard of A. S. Sherman, Esq., containing five hundred trees. Here we find Louise Bonne de Jersey dwarfs, twelve years old and bending beneath a load of fruit. They are mulched with boulders! This is a peculiarity of Mr. Sherman's culture. It is his favorite mulch. We find them in piles about the roots of most of his trees. We believe it his theory that they retard the starting of the sap in spring, and thus save him his crop of fruit when others are killed by the early frosts. The writer knows this used to be a favorite theory among some of the peach orchardists of the lake counties of Western New York. Whether the practice there is obsolete I cannot say. But as a mulch, stones are excellent. The writer has seen the sugar maple transplanted from the forest to the roadside in the spring — from a rich loose mold, to the hard pan clays of New York — kept from perishing during the summer drouth by just such a heap of stone. And it is a fact which some of the Rural readers may verify — that the maples which stand nearest a stone wall, by the roadside, are usually fifty per cent. better in growth and habit than those which stand in the grass beside a board or rail fence. There is no mistake but stone make an excellent mulch.

"What have you been doing with your bark lice?" asked a member of the committee of Mr. Sherman.

"I have been varnishing them."

"With what?"

"With tar and linseed oil. I mix equal quantities of each (using the raw oil,) and heat it sufficiently to dilute the tar and mix it with the oil. This mixture can be applied at any time without injury to the tree. It may be applied in winter, and it is sure death to the lice whenever it is put on.

Here the leaf blight has appeared on the pear trees this season, and some of them are going.

On these grounds we found beets, the seed of which had been sown with the manure in early spring, a number of stalks of seed having been composted with it. They were of enormous size. And Mr. Sherman says the best way to get early beets is to plant late in the fall. We know this (as do most gardeners, we suppose,) to be true, and mention it because some members of the Committee said it was new to them, and it may be to some of our readers.

"WHAT CAN WOMAN DO?"

Eureka! and what do you think? Let me tell. With Mr. Douglas I called on Mrs. J. B. Coan, and found her on the staging in her green-house, superintending the removal of plants to the border. This green-house, during the winter months, has been her fairy realm. With the aid of a small boy she has managed, cared for, and propagated from her plants during the winter, having discharged her gardener last fall. Her plants never looked better than this spring, and she never had as good results from the propagating house. But her effort is not confined to the green-house. Her kitchen and fruit garden are under her immediate supervision; her hands pinch back the grapevines, prune the pear trees, tie up the raspberries and blackberries, &c., &c. She reaps a reward for her skill and effort in an abundance of fruit, and profusion of bloom, and in a solid, rational enjoyment which is not gained by devotion to the frivolities of fashionable life. It is needless to say that her love for this employment does not diminish; on the contrary she "wonders how so many women can content themselves out of the garden." Her garden is irrigated from a spring in the bluff, the water of which is held exposed to the sun in a large open tank, from which it is distributed over the garden. Of course it is useful.

Here, in this garden, at least one woman has found her sphere; henceforward let there be no cavil against the employment of women as horticulturists. Such a scheme is entirely practicable and peculiarly appropriate.

DESTROYING WEEDS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—For a long time I have been hoping to get leisure to say something about weeds, but some one, in one of the late Rurals, has the start of me, and urges upon us women, that it would be good employment for us to help eradicate them, and so it would. I, for one, have done my share, and have fought them in our yard and garden all the season, doing a little myself, and hiring and encouraging my little son, and urging it upon the men, whenever they had leisure; but after all, it is of small use to rid just our own premises while the road is full of thistles, burdocks, catnip, &c., &c.

It really seems to me it would pay any and every farmer to keep the road free of weeds in front of his land. Very little time would it require after a year or two, and then what clean, nice highways, and how much more easy to keep the farms free. They imagine they can't take time, and as they have not much pride about it, they let the weeds give them a world of trouble. Alas, how few thorough farmers we have. If all would resolve to have their land well cultivated, and not let weeds grow on a good share of it, it would pay to be good farmers. I should like to see it tried. QUEECHY.

Sept 1, 1861.

Inquiries and Answers.

DWARF FRUIT ORCHARD.

Will you give me your opinion whether it will pay to set out dwarf apples for a general crop? Will they live and thrive equally well with standard? What is an average yield from them after they are well established? At what distance ought they to be set? Apples here are worth from two to three dollars a barrel, on an average. I have serious thoughts of setting out a dwarf apple orchard on account of their early bearing, but want more light on the subject. Please, also, to enlighten me as to the propriety of setting out dwarf plums for a market crop. Would they not pay better here on the prairie exposed to high winds than standards? Will plums bear transportation by railroad sixty or a hundred miles? Do dwarf cherries amount to anything? Do they bear good crops, or are they only ornamental?

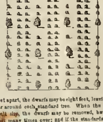
We have strong winds and but one here on the prairie, which, taken into consideration with the small piece of land (five acres) which I wish to make the most of I have, from my limited knowledge of the subject, thought that the planting of dwarfs would be advisable. Please advise me through the Rural.

One thing more. Will quinces generally succeed where apples do well? Are they a paying crop?—L. L. Fairchild, *Rolling Prairie, Wis.*, 1861.

The quince succeeds well in any fair soil, and wherever the apple flourishes, so far as we have observed. Many thousands of trees were planted on the prairies of Illinois some years since, with the view of supplying the Chicago and other Western markets, with what success we cannot say. Thousands of bushels are sent to the Western States many seasons from Western New York. We would recommend growing plums in the dwarf form, especially in gardens and in sections of the country subject to high winds. When trained in this manner, they are more easily protected from the curculio. Cherries grown on the Mahaleb stock make a tree of good size, capable of bearing several bushels of fruit, and we believe it is generally admitted that they are less liable to gum and suffer from cracking of the bark than when on their own roots. If the cherry were more generally grown on this root, and allowed to branch from near the ground, so as to protect the trunk, we should hear less of the diseases of the cherry tree and obtain more fruit.

Dwarf apple trees, we know, will thrive equally well with standards; in fact, we have seen good dwarf trees where standards had failed, from what was supposed to be the inclemency of the weather. We have never known apples grown on dwarf trees for market, and therefore we cannot speak from either experience or observation, but can conceive of no reason why the attempt should not be successful. Trees planted three or four years would bear about a peck, and at six years something like a bushel. We saw a tree, eight years planted, that gave last year three bushels, and now has upon it about a bushel. At eight feet apart, an acre will contain nearly seven hundred trees, and consequently will yield a good crop, even if each tree should give half a bushel at six years. All varieties of apple succeed as dwarfs, but of course the grower must select those that will best suit his market. From six to ten feet apart is about the distance for planting. For a five acre lot on the prairies, we recommend dwarf apples without the least hesitation.

A good and safe plan is that recommended by Mr Barry in his *Fruit Book*, which is to plant both standards and dwarfs, as shown in the engraving. If the standards are set thirty feet apart, the dwarfs may be eight feet, leaving eleven feet clear around each standard tree. When the standards are of full size, the dwarfs may be removed, having paid their cost many times over; and if the standards fail, the ground is pretty well occupied with a profitable crop.



Autumn Flowering Filbert again.—Sometime in the spring I wrote you of a Filbert, in my neighborhood, which blossoms at no other time than in the fall. Your reply, for which I am obliged, after remarking upon the habits of the plant in question, concludes thus — "We are of opinion that your friend must have a Witch Hazel instead of a Filbert. This always flowers in the fall." My dear sir, leaving the main subject for the moment, will you inform us how the Witch Hazel, flowering only in the fall, unless a *Witch* in more than name, can ever be re-produced? Believe me, this is in no captious spirit. I take for granted you are right, but having access to no other means of satisfying a natural curiosity — and there are several, perhaps many, who share it — be kind enough to explain.

But to return. Recent observation proves that the Filbert is a Filbert, after all; for on it now hangs fruit appropriate to nothing else — say half a dozen specimens. I told you it blossomed only in the fall. We were certain of but *two* seasons. This is the *third*, and it is preparing, as you will see from the inclosed infant catkins, to blossom again. They are less than half grown. On this same tree — and there is no other of the kind in the yard or neighborhood — are the nuts afore named, and they are nearly, if not quite, full grown. Not having been on the lookout for the "red feathery" object you speak of as the "female flower," my friend would not "take a bible oath" that nothing of that sort has heretofore been exhibited either spring or fall, though that is his confident belief. Two things are certain. There are no female blossoms now. There are male blossoms, and have been for, at least, three consecutive autumns, and they have never appeared in the spring. Your solution will still further oblige—A Subscriber, *Yates, N. Y.*, 1861.

The specimens sent us by our friend we hope will enable us to give a little light on the subject. Several varieties of Filberts form their catkins in the latter part of summer. These remain on the plant during the winter, but do not open their flowers until the spring. To-day we have examined a dozen bushes, all having their catkins pretty well developed. In the spring, and about the time the pistillate flowers appear, the flowers in these catkins, which are staminate, open and furnish fertilizing pollen. So that the Filbert does not flower in the autumn, though the catkins appear. If the plants of our Yates county friend do differently, they are pursuing a very irregular course, and one we cannot account for.

The Witch Hazel has perfect flowers, which appear late in the autumn, when the fruit sets but does not mature until the next summer. In the autumn, fruit and flowers are found growing upon the plant.

PLANTS AND FRUIT FOR NAME.

—I send you a specimen of wild flower growing near our house, and would like the name.—L. F. W., *St. Joseph, Michigan.*

Clematis Virginiana, a very pretty climbing plant.

—Inclosed I send you a pod and some leaves which grow on a bush from eight to fifteen feet high. The bush grows very thick, like the lilac, and the bark is very spotted. The wood has a large pith. Please inform me through the columns of your paper what name it bears.—W. H. Peckham, *Clyde*, 1861.

Staphylea trifolia, or Bladder Nut.

—I find in my flower bed a strange plant, and the name I cannot learn. Will you please inform me through the Rural and oblige—Abigail, *Smyrna, N. Y.*, 1861.

The specimen was not very good when received, but we think it a *Martynia*, or Unicorn Plant.

—1. I send a plant for a name — a phlox, I presume. I think known as Rich-my dairy or Rich me-dairy. It flowers soon after the wild Phlox of the fields. Perennial. 2. Also a perennial plant called Moypink, a border plant of trailing habit, blooming early. Is it Thrift, or Phlox procumbens? 3. Also an annual, and what is known as bachelor's bet. The name is not in the catalogues.—Wm. O. Taylor, *Bedford, O.*

1. Is probably *Phlox maculata*, though, as we received no flower, cannot say positively. The name Rich my-dairy is a corruption of Lychnidis, a common name for the Phlox. 2. *Phlox subulata*. 3. Too imperfect to judge.

—The *Apples* left at our office by J. D. Williams, of Parma, were the Duchess of Oldenburgh.

The Apple Tree Borer.—Can you, or any of your correspondents, inform me of some composition as a preventive of the apple tree borer? There is, in this part of the State, those who, after extracting the worms, apply something that they pretend is a sure preventive for four years, or until its strength is exhausted. If you, or any of your correspondents, can give the desired information through the Rural, it will be a boon to the public at large.—Humphrey, *Parma, N. Y.*, 1861.

Horticultural Notes.

New Plants Exhibited at the Recent London Shows.—Mr. Thompson, of Ipswich, exhibited three varieties of Rhodanthe, called atro-sanguinea, maculata, and maculata alba. The former was obtained among the limestone rocks in the neighborhood of Champion Bay, Western Australia. Maculata is in appearance too robust form of Manglesii, which was discovered by Captain Mangles, at Swan river. For this a first-class certificate was awarded. The white variety, which promises to be exceedingly pretty, received a label of commendation. If these, as intimated, are of more robust habit than Manglesii, they will be a decided acquisition.

A very fine Delphinium was exhibited by Mr. Wheeler, of Warminster, to which the appropriate name of alopecuroides, or "like a foxtail," was given, for it was as close and thickly set as any Reynard's brush. The flowers are double, and the habit of the plant dwarf. For this a first-class certificate was awarded.

Messrs. Carter & Co., of Holborn, exhibited some specimens of a new double Clarkia, very distinct and beautiful, much brighter in color than any of the older varieties, a rich rosy pink, and apparently quite constant in its double properties.

From Mr. Bull came Phalænopsis Schilleriana, an excellent thing, but too small to be awarded anything as yet, Cyanophyllum speciosum, not so good as the older variety; Begonia Xeramis; Calceolaria Sparkle, &c.

Messrs. Veitch & Son sent a very pretty Calandrinia umbellata major, a rock plant from Chili. For this a label of commendation was awarded.

Messrs. Charlwood & Cummins, of Covent Garden, sent a very beautiful variety of Nemophila, called Discoidalis elegans, with all the habits and appearance of its parent, but with the petals of a rich mulberry, edged with white. It was considered very striking, and received a label of commendation.

Rhododendron Præcox.—This new Rhododendron is stated to be a hybrid raised from *R. atrovirens*, crossed with *R. ciliatum*, and has every appearance of having been obtained in that way. It forms a dwarf erect openly branched shrub, of a couple of feet in height, with slender twigs leafy at the end. The leaves are small, from one to nearly two inches long, oblong-oval acute, deep-green, rugosely-veined, and sparingly ciliated. The flowers grow in small terminal heads of two or three together, and are of a light rosy-lilac, about two inches in diameter, forming a shallow expanded self colored cup, with rounder overlapping obtuse and slightly undulated lobes. Mr. Davis, of Wavertree, by whom it was raised, states that it had proved perfectly hardy, having been grown for two years in open ground without the slightest injury from frost; and that in this situation it formed a dwarf bush, with dark-green leaves about the size of those of the myrtle, flowering about the end of March in great abundance, the blossoms as large as moderate sized Indian Azalea. The plants, he continued, "will be found invaluable for forcing, from the fact that they may be got in flower at any time during the winter months, merely by placing them in a green-house. The flowers last more than three weeks after expansion, and from the peculiar odor of its foliage, which it inherits from its mother, not a green fly will live upon it."—*London Florist.*

The Violet in the East.—Viola odorata is the favorite flower of Greeks and Turks, and they cultivate them abundantly in their gardens. They begin flowering, sometimes as early as January, and continue flowering till April, the scent being much more intense than that of the German or French violet. Thousands of bouquets, five violets in a bunch, are sold daily in the Grecian towns. The price being but trifling, and every one fond of them, the demand is equal to the supply. The Greeks also make a syrup of violets for coughs. More than even the Greeks, do the Turks love the violet. They plant it in masses; make sherbet and candies of it; spread the flowers in the apartments, especially those of the harem, where the eunuch hands every morning a fresh violet to every lady. The color of the violet is the favorite color of the Turkish ladies, and they call dresses of violet color *menekshee*, from the violet *menekse*.

The Romans made a wine and cakes from the violet, nor were they less fond of the color. There seems to have been a great demand for it, or they would not have had dyers who dyed violet shades, and none others. Such a dyer was styled *violarius infector*.

With the ancient Greeks the violet was the symbol of the early regeneration of the earth, also of death, on account of its drooping habit. There being many violets around Athens, that city was surnamed the Violet scented Flora.—*German Floral Regensburgh.*

Dry Ashes for Slugs, &c.—I have seen it reported in many sections of the country that the army worms are making sad work. I once had some cherry trees, and there was something eating the leaves. They looked like little black snails. I dusted the trees with dry ashes, and the snails left. Afterward I discovered something was stripping the leaves from my currant bushes, and I dusted them, and, whatever it was, it left, and I think if the army worm was anywhere in this vicinity, I should try the ashes, and know the result. I see by the papers that there are some of them near Brockport, in your county. If it is convenient, please have them dusted with ashes, and if it does any good, please make it known to the public.—L. B., *St. Johns, Clinton Co., Mich.*, 1861.

Hunnemannia fumariæfolia is described by the London Horticultural Society as a fine half hardy perennial, (flowering the first year,) allied to Eschscholtzia, having similar finely cut foliage, and producing bright poppy like flowers, (with robust and erect habit), it is a desirable plant, with the general habit of Eschscholtzia, and adapted for similar purposes.

Montreal Agricultural and Horticultural Society.—The Sixteenth Annual Exhibition of the Montreal Agricultural and Horticultural Society, is to be held in the Crystal Palace, Montreal, on the 18th and 19th days of September, 1861. The premium list is large, and well arranged, and open to all Canada and the United States.

Domestic Economy.

A BEAUTIFUL MOSS BASKET.

The appearance of moss on the outside of ladies' baskets is produced by worsted of the same kind as that used for embroidery in worsted. Four or five shades of green, and as many of brown, in regular gradations, should be selected; the darkest shades of green being of an olive tinge, and the lightest of a yellowish hue, in preference to grass green, which has not the mellow autumnal tint of the colors before mentioned. One skein of each color is sufficient for a pair of baskets. The shape, or body of the basket, is formed of pasteboard, and is usually round or oval, and made with or without a handle across, according to fancy. The pasteboard shape is covered, inside and out, with green silk; and if a handle be affixed, it should be sewn on, outside, where the joining will be covered by the moss, so that the silk may appear neat within. The worsted of each color should be wound into a separate ball, and knitted, either flat or round, like a stocking; a piece of thread should then be passed, by means of a needle, through the last row of loops or stitches, and fastened at each end, in order to prevent the knitting from unravelling. The worsted should then be thoroughly wetted or soaked in warm water, and placed in an oven of gentle heat until perfectly dry. After this, the respective pieces must be unravelled and made up into small bunches, which are to be sewn so thickly on the silk, with which the outside of the basket is covered, as to leave no apparent spaces between them. Each bunch should be composed of about three shades of color, made up in the following manner:—The several pieces of knitting being selected, a few rows of each are to be unravelled, and all the ends being taken up at the same time, are to be held between the thumb of the left hand and the side of the hand, as low and near the joint as possible; the upper part of the thumb being then slightly relaxed, the worsteds are, with the right hand, wound round the thumb and finger of the left hand, like a figure 8, and held in that position while the middle, including the ends with which it began and left off, is sewed together with a piece of silk. The bunches should be placed in heaps, according to their respective shade, and sewn on the basket, according to taste, intermingling the hues, so as to avoid the appearance of formality. *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.*

A CHAPTER ON WINE MAKING.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—On reading your valuable paper a few days ago, I noticed an inquiry for a recipe to make Blackberry Wine. Having successfully made blackberry wine for the past three years, I am willing to give to your readers the benefit of my experience.

To each quart of juice, take three quarts of water and three pounds of sugar, brown will do. If you have plenty of juice, you can use less water and it will much improve the quality. One bushel of berries, if good, will make ten gallons. Mix thoroughly, strain, and put into a strong cask, which should be well cleansed and fumigated. The cask must be full, to allow the refuse to work out during the process of fermentation. You must fill up the cask thrice a day with fresh water, so that the refuse will all run out. Put a spigot into the cask before putting in the wine, and slant it enough to prevent the dregs from running out when you are racking off. Cork the cask tightly after it has fermented, unless you should choose to fill it into champaign bottles, cork, and wire them, and then seal. This will give you a sparkling wine vastly superior to any Catawba, and much cheaper. My brother and self have made eighty gallons this year.—A. Orth Behm, *Lafayette, Ind.*, 1861.

Elderberry Wine.—Put the berries in a vessel and let them stand until they soften and rise up light; then press and strain them, and to each quart of juice add three quarts of water. To each gallon of this liquid add three pounds of sugar, and to every five gallons add one ounce of cloves and one-fourth pound of ginger. First boil the liquid, (putting in the spices tied in a cloth,) and skim; then add the sugar and boil and skim. Pour in a vessel to cool, then put into your keg and cork tight.

Currant Wine.—To one gallon of juice, add two gallons of water; then add 3½ pounds of sugar to each gallon of the mixture. Put in the sugar and stir till all is dissolved; then cork it up, leaving the cork loose, and as it ferments and runs over, fill it with liquor of the same kept for that purpose.—B. A. S., *Avoca, Steuben Co., N. Y.*, 1861.

PRESERVING GREEN CORN.

A "Subscriber" who requests some one to furnish directions for preserving green corn *in cans*, can accomplish his object with less labor, and less expense, without employing cans. The *modus operandi* is as follows:—Boil the corn (on the cobs) until it is thoroughly scalded; then cut from the cobs and dry, either in the baker of your stove, or by laying in the sun. It is a very easy matter to dry scalded corn in the sun, one or two sunshiny days generally being sufficient. If well dried and kept in a dry place, corn prepared in this way will keep till "this time next year," and perhaps a day or two longer.

Beans and peas may be preserved in the same manner. Care should be taken, however, not to boil them too tenderly; in that case you would not be likely to succeed very well in drying.—Ingram, *Hillsboro, Ill.*, 1861.

How to Stop the Flow of Blood.—Housekeepers, mechanics, and others, in handling knives, tools, and other sharp instruments, very frequently receive severe cuts, from which blood flows profusely and oftentimes endangers life itself. Blood may be made to cease to flow as follows:—Take the fine dust of tea and bind it close to the wound — at all times accessible and easily to be obtained. After the blood has ceased to flow, laudanum may be advantageously applied to the wound. Due regard to these instructions would save agitation of mind, and running for the surgeon, who would, probably, make no better prescription if he were present.

Clove Water.—Ten pounds of sugar; ten ounces of cloves; six gallons of water; two oranges; mix the whole together and let it stand eight days. Will some one of the lady readers of the Rural please contribute a recipe for making apple jelly? also one for preserving apples.—C., *Glendale, Ohio*, 1861.

Dyeing Merino and DeLaine Goods.—Will some of the lady readers of the Rural please inform me how to dye Merino and DeLaine a beautiful black, that will not fade, and oblige—C. E. K., *Seneca Falls, N. Y.*, 1861.

Ladies' Department.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"WHEN THOU ART DEAD."

BY ELLEN [illegible]

Through long and silent watches of the night,
Counting the pulse-beats growing faint and slow,
Watching the moonbeams rising, pure and white,
From out the depths where eastern breezes blow,
We marked the hours that through the silence ran,
That scarce had come ere they had swiftly fled,
And asked of that sweet soul, so nearly home,
"How shall we think of thee when thou art dead?"

Now, when have passed the parting and the pain,
When weary hands are folded on the breast,
When lips that part not at the whispered name
Have chilled and settled into perfect rest,
We look to silence to the River's shore,
Where the dark angel hath her footsteps led,
And in our sorrow ask the question o'er,
"How do we think of thee when thou art dead?"

A band of brighter spirits must have come
With the grim archer from the River's side,
For there is left no shadow in our home,
No darkness fell upon us as she died.
The tears we thought to drop upon her brow
Fall to the shining light of peace it wears;
Dead, and yet glorified, we can but know
She has no need to be baptized by tears.

We think of her, not as of one laid down
To dreamless sleep beneath a flowering sod,
But as of one gone on to claim her crown
In the "celestial cities" built by GOD.
Held in the keeping of a Father's love,
We may, with doubt's dark night forever fled;
Remembered as in fields of Life above,
Not as a slumberer where rest the dead.

Charlotte Center, N. Y., 1861.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD."

"DEAR, ME!" exclaimed ROSE DASHE, peeping over her cousin HERBERT's shoulder, as he sat by the open window one bright midsummer morning; "how very interesting you are contriving to look with those viny shadows on your classic brow, (as a poet would say,) and, as I live, tears in your haughty eyes that I thought as seldom dimmed as a young eaglet's! What can you be poring over that has unlocked your soul's hidden fountains in such an unaccountable manner? Some dismal magazine stuff about 'life's enormous issues, eternal conflicts, infinite sorrows,' &c., &c." And ROSE having talked herself breathless, sunk into a luxurious rocking-chair and began to shake with a restless hand the slender stems of velvety prairie roses gilding the window sills, for the childish pleasure of watching the prismatic flash of in-dwelling dew drops.

A slight smile lit up the young man's grave, earnest face, like a stray sunbeam on a shadowy forest lake; and without a word he handed her the article he had been perusing—a simple, pathetic poem, called the "Old Homestead," artless and unpretending, yet with a life and soul lacking in many a grander production. ROSE glanced over it with a scornful smile hovering upon her "crimson threaded" lips. "I didn't expect this of you, cousin," was her first exclamation. "Didn't you know that every shingle in the roof of the old homestead had been rhymed upon and wept over till the subject is exhausted? I am so weary of it. I honor true, noble feeling as heartily as any one, but I despise an affectation of sentiment. There is a moral grandeur in the picture of MARIUS, the kingly Roman, with his flowing robes falling regally about his stately figure, standing fixed and immovable among the ruins of Carthage, the level rays of the unshadowed tropical sun falling upon marble fanes and broken columns; palm trees waving in the fervid air; blue, fathomless skies above, and far to the south the boundless, infinite and melancholy desert. But an American, dressed in the ungraceful garb of the nineteenth century, leaning on a broken gate in front of a tumble-down mansion, bewailing the passing away of a certain period, vaguely known as the "good old time,"—it is simply ridiculous.

HERBERT's dark eyes, usually calm and unclouded in their intense blueness, softened into dreaminess, as he listened, and swift as the messenger of PROSPERO, his thoughts had traversed many a league of gusty plains, bowery valleys, and sounding seas; and the gray walls of the old homestead, remembered with passionate longing, were before him,—stately in their very simplicity, wearing but an added grace from the flight of years, and hallowed by deathless associations. The ancient, silver-leaved willow that drooped to earth on one side of the gate-way, the spiry poplar aspiring to heaven on the other; the roses of saintly white that filled the summer winds with fragrance to the rejoicing morn or purple eve; the golden lilies that swung their perfumed vases by the southern door-stone; the blue-eyed meadow blossoms in the wavy grass; the chiming water-fall in the green heart of the forest, flinging its diamond waters over shelving rocks and high, bloom-covered banks; the transparent spring cupped in the cool emerald of the meadow; the willowy brook that wound its line of light around the old play ground; the lonely glen where the wild vines trailed their fair green foliage and dainty flowers; and the reedy, complaining sweetness of some lone bird's song, awoke strange echoes in his boyish heart, and filled it with unsatisfied longing. Were these less dear in remembrance, because they have blessed the youth of myriads of others? The presence of deep joy among hoary mountains and in the solemn forest; the deep mystery and golden romance of the western hills where the "sun went down," the terrible beauty and relentless power of the wandering ocean that swept the sands of many a happy shore—were these unforgotten emotions trite and common place, because others had felt them too? And ten-fold more than all the rest, the atmosphere of peace and rest that filled the old homestead,—the enfolding love whose fibers cling around its object with moveless tenacity, and found but its faint shadow in a life of constant devotion and unshrinking self-sacrifice,—the care and watchfulness that never slumbered,—the mothers gentle words of love and counsel, which, soft and low spoken though they were, sounded through the long aeons of years with undiminished strength,—the father's lofty teachings and proud encouragement, that stirred the soul like the trumpet that calls to battle,—and the boyish passion that made his life a perfumed altar flame, and deified one fair and earnest girl, and awoke grand aspirations and firm resolves that might have changed his fate, only that the purple spring violets which early bloomed above the bright young head were fairer there than laurel. Oh how vain and poor seemed the dreams of ambition, and the pride of the warrior, compared with those holy memories! Ah, ROSE! there is more of pure and noble feeling in the common sentiment that makes the old homestead a Mecca of the heart, than in all the haughty emotions that swelled the Roman's chainless bosom.

LAURA E. W.

Cohocton, N. Y., 1861.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

AUNT BETSEY TO NEPHEW "A."

IF I aint completely out up! That nephew of mine has given me a sight better chance to see how much of a saint he is than I could possibly have had lookin' in at his kitchen window, and I know, just as well as I want to know, that when his wife scolds he either sulks or swears,—maybe he don't do the last right out, but its just as bad in that case to feel ugly as to speak ugly, for if he don't say it he'll *act* it, you may depend.

I'm not a bit ashamed to own that its "no new matter for me to speak my mind," for what do folks *have* minds for if they can't use 'em, and if a body *does* get "riled up" occasionally,—as I do solemnly believe every mortal does, without respect to *sex*,—I say its not a bit worse for them to spit it right out in a downright *scold*, and have it done with, than to let it bile inside of 'em and finally come out in a "married man's" *grumble* or *whimper*; (I don't understand the languages much, but I'm sure that rev-er-ie must mean either one or both of them words, for "A." certainly did do both in that what he called a "so-lil-o-quy;") and if his wife has any *spunk*, as I hope she has, she'd a sight rather he would have scolded at her "like blazes" than to have him go whining 'round,—"hardly believing that there was a man in Christendom, not possessing the patience of JOB, that could pass through the ordeal he had with unruffled feelings."

Now, Nephew A., *do* just let your wife kiss you and smooth out that awful pile of wrinkles on your forehead, then sat down and tell your Aunt BETSEY, who, unfortunate soul, had nothing but your good at heart when she wrote that letter, (though she *did* feel a little ashamed of you,) if you wasn't just a *little* "riled" when you answered it. If you think it'll be safe, you can ask JOSHUA whether I'm a *paragon* or not,—*I* can tell you that I aint a parrot, 'cause I know enough to talk without being learnt,—but paragon is a kind of bird I don't know much about, never see one yet, but maybe I shall when POLLY KORN and I make you that visit.

It seems that *your* wife hasn't got any vanity to be flattered, or else she's *rather* worse than your Aunt BETSEY, for she didn't get good natured "contemplating her power," even when you was trudging round—building a fire and *not* building one, bringing in wood, etc.

If I thought JOSHUA *did* do things to help me because he was afraid of me, I'm afraid I should get so proud they'd turn me out of meeting; but he don't act a bit like it, somehow, though you *do* infer, from an extensive lot of supposed facts, that I can *look* him into doing things.

Do you want to know what I think ails you? It's a disease that'll be more fatal to your happiness than the measles or chicken pox; for though it may not break out quite so thick, it'll leave dreadful deep scars, unless you can get a little of the oil of forbearance to take. As near as I can make out, you've caught it by staying 'round a certain swamp, watching a kind of will-'o-the-wisp called "woman's angelic nature," and you never'll get well till you and your wife get a good large bottle of that oil to keep in the house. When you take it, put a few drops of common sense on a lump of sugar,—that's Yankee for *love*, you know,—and swallow it first, for the oil is *rather* hard to take.

I shall either have to *look* at JOSHUA to make him "toe 'round" when he finds there aint any fire for supper, or else stop writing and make one; and I know you'll advise me to "be consistent" and show a little "angelic nature" *for once*,—so good bye.

AUNT BETSEY.

"KISS ME GOOD NIGHT, MOTHER."

A PHILADELPHIAN, just returned from Washington, has related to the editor of the *Press* the following incident of the recent disastrous battle at Manassas Gap:

In the Government hospital, on the day after the battle, lay a youthful member of the Ellsworth Zouave Corps, who, notwithstanding the frightful nature of his wounds, bore his sufferings with a patient heroism akin to inspiration. For a long time he seemed unconscious of the presence of his heart-broken mother, who watched by his couch fondly, yet in anguish of spirit, and lay like one in a trance. At length, turning slowly over on his side, his vacant eyes met her longing, agonizing gaze. A train of long-buried recollections seemed instantly to have awakened themselves in his bosom, and, murmuring with the artlessness of a child, "kiss me good night, mother," he fell back, and was dead!

The gentleman, to whom the incident was related, pencilled the following lines, in the cars, during his trip from Baltimore to this city:

Mother, dear mother, the day has seemed long
Since the lark warbled his matinal song.
Sadly the hours have passed since the morn,
Darkly the moments that ne'er can return!
No beaming hopefulness, no joyous ray,
No cheerful sunshine to brighten my way.
But, mother, your kiss turns the darkness to light,
Kiss me good night, mother, kiss me good night.

Mother, dear mother, I'm longing for rest—
Longing to slumber for aye with the blest;
But when my sad spirit from earth-life is free,
Still shall thy presence seem nigh unto me!
Oft thy wild kiss of parting shall fall on my brow—
Thy sad, tearful eyes gaze upon me, as now—
And often I'll say, with the angels in white,
"Kiss me good night, mother, kiss me good night!"

Many such incidents of that fearful day could doubtless be related, and we cannot regard it as ever too late to recall them.

UNMARRIED LADIES.—The single state is no diminution of the beauties and the utilities of the female character; on the contrary, our present life would lose many of its comforts, and much, likewise, of what is absolutely essential to the well-being of every part of society, and even of the private home, without the unmarried female. The single woman is as important an element of social and private happiness as the married woman. The utilities of each are different; but it is vulgar nonsense, unworthy of manly feeling, and discreditable to every just one, to depreciate the unmarried condition.

WHAT greater thing is there for two human souls, than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, and to be one with each other in silent, unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting?—*Adam Bede.*

THERE are as many kinds of silence as there are of conversation or any sort of noise-making.

Choice Miscellany.

THE SUNNY SIDE THE WAY.

BY JOHN SWAIN.

COLDLY comes the March wind—
Coldly from the north—
Yet the cottage little ones
Gaily venture forth;
Free from cloud the firmament,
Free from sorrow they,
The playful children choosing
The sunny side the way.

Sadly sighs the north wind
Naked boughs among,
Like a tale of mournfulness
Told in mournful song!
But the merry little ones,
Happy things are they,
Singing, like the lark, on
The sunny side the way.

There the silvery snowdrop,
Daffodils like gold,
Primroses and crocuses
Cheerfully unfold;
Poor! those cottage little ones
Poor! no—rich are they,
With their shining treasures on
The sunny side the way.

Coldly oft the winds blow
On *the way of life*,
Spreading in the wilderness
Care, and pain, and strife,
Yet the heart may shelter have,
Cold though be the day,
Choosing, like the little ones,
The sunny side the way.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

CHARACTER.

IT is said that our characters are engraven upon our features. Doubtless this is true to a greater or less extent; yet there are few who are adepts in reading the language there expressed, from the fact that men learn, almost from their infantile years, to dissemble and appear other than they are. This may seem a sweeping assertion, nevertheless it is generally true. Who cannot recall to mind from early childhood the numberless times his antics were suddenly interrupted, to pass through the ordeal of scrubbing, combing, and dressing, because company were in the parlor and he was wished to appear nicely? Perhaps with a smile he remembers the grave face he thought necessary to put on as only becoming on such occasions. Thus it is through the successive years of childhood, youth and manhood, each has his perfect ideal of character which he wishes to possess, or at least seem to possess. The wicked, scheming man will seek to keep on the right side of public opinion, well knowing that it is important in accomplishing his own selfish ends.

An attentive observer will readily interpret the superficial character, ever assuming excellences, which he is unwilling to trouble himself to cultivate. He puts on airs like false faces, to hide the real, and disciplines himself to answer the requirements of time and place; but as no one can be forever on his guard, when thought, which cannot be chained, gains the ascendency, the mask will fall, whether in the crowd or the retirement of home, and before he is aware, the operations of his mind are almost legibly written upon his face.

There are two other classes of character closely resembling each other in appearance, though widely differing in heart. For this reason it is unsafe to trust our judgment respecting them, on a limited acquaintance. They seem purposely to close the door of their hearts against our curious gaze, and we are left to form our opinions from their outward conduct. Such an one, though not always unsocial, is extremely reserved in expressing his own particular views on any subject, whether of interest or indifference. Vainly you may seek to draw him out by freely giving your own opinions, or surprise him by the suddenness of a question. He will deliberately take his own time to answer, and in some way will evade saying just what you wish to know, without seeming intentionally to do so. What he says never seems studied, and is always truly sensible. One having but little knowledge of human nature might pass him by as a cold, indifferent character, incapable of the deep and strong emotions of the heart. But the discerning mind sees evidence, in the earnest eye, firm lip, and thoughtful face, of vigor of intellect, decision of character, and emotions too strong and deep to lie near the surface, and he cannot rid himself of the idea that there is something very interesting going on in the silent workings of that heart. Perhaps he has at sometime thrown open the doors of its sanctuary, and permitted a friend to enter only to be unappreciated, misunderstood, or betrayed; and has had a bitter experience which determined him forever to close its portals to human eye. Or it may be that it is full of evil designs, and deep laid schemes, and thus he seeks to keep its dark unfoldings from your view. Probably you will be unsuccessful in gaining any further knowledge of him, unless you make him your confidant and friend, and thus commit yourself to his power. But if upright in heart, if you prove yourself worthy of his confidence, he will probably be gained in time, and you may rely upon his friendship, which will be as lasting as life. He will prove himself worthy the confidence reposed in him, and would sooner die than betray a friend or act an unmanly or ungenerous part.

Though such an one may continue to close his heart to his brother man, it is not so with woman. Sooner or later she will find the key, enter in and with impunity read on its walls the inscriptions of years. More closely observant, and more persevering, she is better enabled to do this successfully. Happy and wise is she if she does so before committing her happiness to his keeping. It is said that the qualities we lack in ourselves we most admire in others; and is it not thus that the gentle, confiding woman is drawn toward that firm, resolute man, with an almost irresistible impulse? She glories in his firmness and feels secure in relying upon his judgment, while he admires her for her gentleness and dependence. Unhesitatingly she leans upon that strong arm and counts his love sacred, for she knows that it is unchanging in its character and as strong as death.

Such a nature, elevated and purified by the power of grace, may accomplish a high and noble lifework, one the recording angel might hasten to write in the book of remembrance.

LOISE OSBORN.

Caldwell's Prairie, Wis., 1861.

HE only sees well who sees the whole in parts, and the parts in the whole. There are but three classes of men—those who see the whole, those who see but a part, and those who see both together.

HOME.

O WHAT a volume of associations is contained in that little word "*Home!*" The mention of it warms our blood, and brings to the heart of every one emotions that throb with fervency. It is suggestive of everything sublime. When we speak of home, as it should be, we speak of a glorious institution; an institution of divine authority; an institution which has educated for wider fields of thought and action, and from whose bosom came the *neighbor*, the *citizen*, the *patriot*, the *philanthropist*, and the *Christian*.

There are predilections and charms connected with every home. Its endearments do not flow from the external appearance of a house, but from far more noble causes—from pleasant associations; from the admonition of a kind father; from the caresses of a mother's love; from the amusements of brothers and sisters.

As the college student is ascending the hill of science, upon whose eminence all his hopes are placed; as he is thus grasping for knowledge and its advantages, he looks back with cheerfulness upon the halcyon days of childhood—upon a home where he received the first impressions that are to guide his conduct through life; a home where the inculcations of truth and morality were instilled into his yet tender mind.

Although pleasant it is to roam in foreign climes, it is still more pleasant to breathe the fragrance of our own native hills, visit the fields and the groves in which we so fondly rambled with our companions, studying the wonders and beauties of nature; the pond where we spent many an hour in angling, for which our only recompense was weariness; the summer-house, in whose bowers we passed many a hot summer's day in perusing Shakespeare; and last, but not least, to see the old school-house where we received our first ideas of nature, men and books.

All these fondly-remembered recollections of a Home are endearing to every one. It is not always in the gorgeous palaces of pomp that we can find a home in the true acceptation of the term. Discontent, jealousy, and hatred, find their way too often into these princely dwellings. Our social interests depend upon the *fountain*, and as is the character of the one, so will be the destiny of the other.

A Home to go to is one of the greatest comforts of this world's gifts. The gentle scenes of home ever live; the pleasant fancies of the fire ever glow with the same smiles; friends may go and come, hearts grow cold, but a pleasant home, "*Home, sweet home*," where childhood lived and loved its reveries, never—never dies.

"Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
His HOME the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

RIDICULE AND REPARTEE.

THE fatal fondness for indulging a spirit of ridicule, and the injurious and irreparable consequences which sometimes attend the too prompt reply, can never be too seriously and too severely condemned. Not to offend is the first step toward pleasing. To give pain is as much an offence against humanity as against good breeding; and surely it is as well to abstain from an action because it is sinful as because it is impolite. A man of sense and breeding will sometimes join in the laugh which has been raised at his expense by an ill-natured repartee; but, if it was very cutting, and one of those shocking sort of truths which, as they can scarcely be pardoned, even in private, ought never to be uttered in public, he does not laugh because he is pleased, but because he wishes to conceal how much he is hurt. As the sarcasm was uttered by a lady, so far from seeming to resent it, he will be the first to commend it; but, notwithstanding that, he will remember it as a trait of malice, when the whole company shall have forgotten it as a stroke of wit. Women are as far from being privileged by their sex to say unhandsome or cruel things, that it is this very circumstance which renders them more intolerable. When the arrow is lodged in the heart, it is no relief for him that is wounded to reflect that the hand which shot it was a fair one.

HOW TO ADMONISH.

WE must consult the gentlest manner and softest seasons of address; our advice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop whom it meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow: the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper vehicle, and who can qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof, against which corrupt nature is apt to revolt, by an artful mixture of sweetening and agreeable ingredients. To probe the wound to the bottom, with all the boldness and resolution of a good spiritual surgeon, and yet with all the delicacy and tenderness of a friend, requires a very dexterous and masterly hand. An affable deportment and complacency of behavior will disarm the most obstinate; whereas if, instead of calmly pointing out their mistake, we break out into an unseemly sallies of passion, we cease to have any influence.

CLEANLINESS—ITS MORAL INFLUENCE.—A neat, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well arranged and well situated house, exercises a moral as well as physical influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other. The connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced, and habits of respect for others and for those higher duties and obligations which no laws can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, noxious dwelling, rendered more so by its noisome site, in which none of the decencies of life can be observed, contributes to make its unfortunate inhabitants selfish, sensual, and regardless of the feelings of each other. The constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and brutal, and the transition is natural to propensities and habits incompatible with respect for the property of others or for the laws.

THE moral nature of man is more sacred in my eyes than his intellectual nature. I know they cannot be divorced—that without intelligence we should be brutes—that it is the tendency of our gaping, wondering dispositions to give pre-eminence to those faculties which most astonish us. Strength of character seldom if ever astonishes us; goodness, lovingness and quiet self-sacrifice are worth all the talents in the world.

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE CROSS AND CROWN.

BY KATE CAMERON.

She wore a cross upon her heart,
'Twas not of pearl or gold;
Nor glistened it with costly gems,
Nor jewels rare and old,
No blessing of a mitred priest
Had over it been told.

No mortal eye could see it shine
Upon the maiden's breast;
And yet its presence gave her soul
Sweet peace and holy rest;
Nor would it ever suffer her
To be sad or distressed.

She heard the voice that speaks to all
Of high or low degree,
Saying, "Arise, take up thy cross,
And come and follow Me."
She answered, "Where Thou leadest, LORD,
Lo! I will follow Thee."

And thus the path of suffering
Unshrinkingly she trod;
She did not heed the piercing thorns
That sprang up from the sod;
She only thought that every step
Brought her still nearer GOD.

When sorrow, want, and sickness came,
To meet the blow she bent,
Remembering whose gracious hand
The bitter cup had sent,
And in her trials prayed to be
Calm, patient, and content.

And when the angels came for her,
She laid her loved cross down,
She could not bear it through those waves
That all things earthly drown,
But in its stead she wears to-day
A saint's immortal crown!

Rochester, N. Y., 1861.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

RELIGION—WHAT IS IT?

IT is penitence kneeling at the altar of mercy imploring forgiveness and obtaining pardon. It is love giving the affections to GOD and keeping his commandments. It is benevolence breathing good will to man, and doing unto others as we would they should do to us. It is sympathy pointing the sinner to the sinner's Friend. It is kindness ministering to the sick upon his suffering couch, and to the prisoner in his gloomy cell. It is compassion relieving the sufferer, and helping the needy in their distress. It is charity, with her arms of love laden with loaves and garments, searching for the hungry and naked. It is pity weeping at another's woe, and speaking kind words to the abandoned and forlorn. It is forgiveness blessing her enemies, and praying for an offending brother. It is mercy with her angel arms raising a fallen foe. It is virtue robing the soul with purity, and trampling temptation under foot. It is gratitude pouring out her offerings of praise to a beneficent Providence. It is resignation in adversity, saying, not my will but Thine be done. It is submission kissing the rod of chastisement administered by a Heavenly Father's hand. It is humility dwelling with meekness in the lowly vale. It is exaltation standing upon the mountain top surveying the promised land and calling GOD, whose throne is in the heavens, Father. It is faith believing GOD, and working by love and purifying the heart. It is hope anchoring the soul in heaven, and cheering the spirit by anticipating the object of its desires and expectations. It is assurance, with a hope blooming with immortality and eternal life—calmly, peacefully, in the hour of death, committing the spirit to GOD who gave it. It is victory, in the morning of the resurrection, triumphantly exclaiming—O death, where is thy sting; O grave, where is thy victory; and ascribing thanks to GOD who giveth the victory through the Lord JESUS CHRIST.

M. H. M.

Williamsville, August, 1861.

POWDER MILL PIETY.—Said a little girl who had just been reading the newspaper account of an explosion, "Ma, don't you think that people who work in powder mills ought to be pious?" There was a great deal of human nature in that question. The world, like the little girl, thinks that all who are especially exposed, ought to be prepared for sudden death. But is not the whole world a vast powder mill? Is it not filled everywhere with the elements of destruction? The very air we breathe may become poisonous and slay us. The water we drink may contain some deadly ingredient which neither sight nor taste can detect. We are encompassed even by unseen dangers. We are never certain of to-morrow. Then should we not be prepared, whatever our age, our business, or our locality, for sudden death?

THE SUM OF PIETY.—The sum of piety towards God, it is most truly said, "consists in love." This quickens, vitalizes, gives significance and power to everything else. No!, indeed, that love excludes knowledge, purity, rectitude, and faith. It rather includes them all, fills them all, being itself the vital element on which their value depends. Wicked men may know much about God and religion, but they are wicked because they do not love. The devils know God and believe in God intellectually, but they are devils because they hate God instead of loving him. But he who truly loves God will be right in everything else. His faith will be unfeigned, his benevolence will be quick and active, he will abstain from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord.—*Rev. Dr. Murdock.*

THE PEACEFUL FRUITS OF PAIN.—There are lessons of patience and submission, yea, and of gratitude, which are best learned when the head is low. There is a mellowing of the man which is the cloudy autumn weather of weakness or decline—a softening of the spirit, an enlargement of experience, a meeker waiting on God, a weaning from the world, and a ripening of faith; in short, the whole of that maturing process which, in believing men, constitutes the meetness for glory. If you can not be thankful for the pain, the sickness, the restraint, be thankful for the peaceful fruits.

REPENTANCE.—False repentance has grief of mind and humiliation only for great and glaring offences, until it supposes pardon for these obtained. True repentance is a continued war against sin, a permanent inward shame for its defilements, till Death sounds a retreat.—*Venn.*

THE more the soul is filled with Divine love, the more it is drawn away from its own depravity. The less it is inclined to follow self, the more to follow Christ.

The Traveler.

[Special Correspondence of Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LETTERS FROM CALIFORNIA.

New Series.—Number Seven.

Depreciation of gold and silver—The value of money purely conventional—Property of absolute and relative value—Yield of California gold mines—San Francisco—Its mystic growth—Already the seat of refinement and wealth—Its stores and richly dressed citizens—a comic reminiscence of mining life—Autumn in California—Her winter and one in New England contrasted.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 20, 1860.

THE relative value of coin in California differs from all other States in the Union, except Oregon, in which the standard of prices is much the same as here. That gold is diminished in value here, because it is plenty, is certain. When coin is very plenty, it requires more of it to buy a hat, a pair of boots, or a plow. When scarce, it is dearer, and less of it pays for these articles.

In the early or barbaric period of the development of a nation, the exponents of wealth,—gold and silver,—are little needed, and therefore little coveted. The value of these metals is purely conventional. Gold is not valuable because it is *gold*, but because it is the representative of property. Its value can be decreased or diminished at the will of the legislature of a nation, or it can be deprived of all value, except that which it possesses intrinsically in its uses in the arts. When the followers of CORTEZ gave a string of glass beads to the natives of Mexico for an ounce of gold, they gave the local, political value of the dust. When, in 1850, a butcher gave a beef's head to an Indian for a thimbleful of the yellow dust, the digger (Indian) got the worth of his gold; or, when a miner gave two ounces ($34,00) for a pair of boots, he received in exchange the full local value of the precious metal in useful property. When the PIZZAROS and their followers shod their chargers with silver from lack of iron, plainly the silver was worth less than iron, for it took three sets of silver shoes of equal weight to last as long as one of iron. Evidently, then, gold and silver have only a relative and a local value. But the value of food and clothing is *absolute*. The value of a house for shelter from the blasts of winter and the heat of summer, in all climes, is real and uniform. Hence the value of forests for timber, of quarries for walls, of bone and sinew to fashion and construct. Their value is uniformly the same; their price changes only as money is more or less plenty. But the dividing line between property of absolute and relative value, is too subtle to be traced. The scholar will recollect the instance in Roman history, when money was so plenty that it took what a mule could draw or carry to pay for a bushel of wheat, or a night's entertainment at an inn. But, we will not make too strong a case of the vanity of gold, or its fluctuating, uncertain value, lest some *roguish* reader will accuse us of imitating the animal in the fable, who, having lost his tail, tried to persuade the rest of his friends to dispense with the superfluity.

The average yield of the mines of California for ten years, is estimated at $164,380 per day. The portion which has been sent off to the East for the purchase of necessaries and luxuries, is equivalent to a stream the average volume of which is $137,000 each day for ten years. Californians are the most lavish of money of any class of men. The ease with which it is obtained, and the almost fabulous amount deposited in her mining regions, drifts them in the wake of extravagance and fast living.

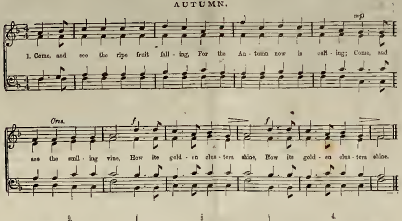
San Francisco, born but yesterday, is already the seat of a refinement and elegance nowhere surpassed. Its trade is vast, its wealth daily increasing, its position and its magnificent bay, the immense country behind and on every side of it, rich in all the productions of nature, its coastwise and foreign trade, and its peculiarly energetic, intelligent, and enterprising citizens, will soon make it one of the largest, most delightful, and wealthiest cities of the Union. The visiter is struck with wonder. He cannot realize the scene before him. It would seem to have been the mere *work of enchantment*.

Never have we visited a city where the citizens of both sexes dress more richly (not to say showily) than in San Francisco. The show windows of its first class dry goods houses exhibit to the eye the richest display of silks and dress goods, imported from Europe and the Celestial Empire. Ladies sometimes suddenly loose their powers of locomotion, on attempting to pass these bazaars of fashion and wealth. A lady's fondness for inspecting silks, and bonnets, and cloaks, is inherent, and excepting only in those of the Bloomer persuasion, ineradicable. We have seen a fishwoman, with a basket of oysters balanced on her head, stop to gaze with unaffected pleasure upon a cloud of lace, down, and roses, which a man could scarcely be sure was meant for a matter of headgear, anyhow; and we have seen the great Governor DOWNIE obliged to wait on the pavement, unemployed, while the lady that still clung to his arm feasted her eyes on the *same work of art*. The taste is as essentially *feminine* as the proclivity to fainting in public places.

One can sometimes glean a reminiscence of an old "forty-niner," and even more modern miners, rich in humor and illustrative of human character. In those early times, females were as "few and far between as angel's visits" in California, and especially in the mining districts. One of the better and more enterprising miners went East and returned with his family — a wife, a son, and a daughter of "sweet sixteen." Scores of his brethren, who had been long years absent from the domestic circle, and had not seen nor spoken with a female during all that time, eagerly embraced the opportunity to call at his house and pay their devotions to his wife and daughter, and again feast their eyes on the charms of womanhood. Among the number was a stalwart, hale, and hearty Digger Indian, who wanted to see the "white squaws," as he called them, and presented himself at the miner's door unwittingly in his usual state of *nudity!* The clever miner met him, and told him his request should be granted, but he must first appear in white man's clothing. The Digger took the condition joyously, and away he ran to a Jew's clothing shop, and arrayed himself *cap-a-pie*, all right, as he supposed, for the occasion. He hastened back, and presenting himself before the miner's door, now demanded that the "white squaws" should be brought out. In his haste, he had neglected one rather essential article, always worn by gentlemen in polite circles, and he stood like a statue, habited in a pair of long legged miner's boots, a long skirted dress coat, a hat, and a shirt collar, *only*. This was a capital joke on the enamored Digger. The miners laughed lustily at his expense, and he had to be deprived of his coveted luxury—all because, either from hot haste or want of experience in making his toilet, he had presented his honor destitute of that trifling garment politely termed *breeches!*

[From Mason's Normal Singer, by permission.]

AUTUMN.


mp
1. Come, and see the ripe fruit fall-ing, For the Au-tumn now is call-ing; Come, and
Cres.
f
f
see the smil-ing vine, How its gold-en clus-ters shine, How its gold-en clus-ters shine.

2.

Come, when morning smiling gayly,
Drives the mists along the valley;
Come, when first the distant horn,
Winding, wakes the joyful morn.

3.

In the early morning hour,
Ere the dew has left the bower;
In the ruddy, purple beam,
Come, and see the vineyard's gleam.

4.

Thou shalt feel a new-born pleasure,
Gazing thus on autumn's treasure
And the joyful songs shall raise
Sweeter songs of grateful praise.

The autumn climate of this State is delightful, and productive of great buoyancy of spirits. In California there is no "chill November's surly blast." Its latest autumn is a season of bracing winds, matchless skies, and genial sunshine. We enter the month which LONGFELLOW, writing from New England, designates "the saddest of the year," through a welcome gateway between a long and fiery summer and the sullen aspect of January. Nature mingles rejoicings with her weeds of mourning. The birds, which in the East forsake the freezing lakes and rivers, and desert their orchard habitations for the milder clime of the cotton field and the orange tree, here, at the corresponding season, gather in from the region of snow from the far North, caroling their cheerful songs about the abodes of men. A frost or two in October only variegates the garniture of the woodland. Notwithstanding the absence of verdure, the hills in their stately pines, and the valleys and plains in their broad, branching oaks, make the earth look cheerful.

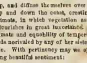
An autumnal sunset in California uplands is a sight to dwell in the memory always, and in all places. With the thermometer averaging 65° by day and 48° by night, no one with a coat to his back and three meals per day, need have low spirits. When in January all New England is chill and wintry, clad in garments of frost, and over-arched with angry skies, where the frigid storm-king revels in his might, and fierce polar winds rush down from the icy North laden with biting breath, *here, on this coast,* tropical breezes from the warm chambers of the South come lovingly up, and diffuse themselves over the State, and all up and down the coast, creating a semi-tropical climate, in which vegetation assumes new life, and flourishes in great luxuriance. For mildness of climate and equability of temperature, California stands unrivaled by any of her sister States on the Atlantic. With pertinency may we apply to her the following beautiful sentiment:

> "The sunny land, the sunny land, where Nature has displayed
> Her fairest works with lavish hand, in hill, and vale, and glade;
> Her streams flow on in melody, through fair and fruitful plains,
> And from the mountain to the sea, with beauty, plenty reigns."

S B R.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



"FROM prairie, O, plowman! speed boldly away—
There's seed to be sown in God's furrows to-day—
Row landward, lone fisher! stout woodman, come home!
Let smith leave his anvil and weaver his loom,
And hamlet and city ring loud with the cry,
'For God and our country we'll fight till we die!
Here's welcome to wounding, and combat, and scars,
And the glory of death—for the Stripes and the Stars!'"

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 14, 1861.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

In and about Washington.—Camp Life, &c.

VERY soon after the appointment of Maj.-Gen. McClellan to the command upon the Potomac, it became evident that, in addition to strictness of discipline imposed upon the soldiers, the "Knights of the Quill" were to come under the supervision of the "Young Soldier." Wars and rumors of wars were exceedingly prolific; not the simplest move could be ordered or accomplished without blazoning it to the world, thus depriving the military profession of one of its most powerful auxiliaries—*secrecy*. This defect has been remedied, and now a dearth in the line of news exists where once was profusion and recklessness. Such information as is at all reliable must be gleaned from the regular correspondence of certain journals, and in this even, the censorship of military power and authority is recognized. We give below various matters of interest thus obtained:

OUR ARMY—REBEL DESIGNS.—The issue of *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times* for the 7th instant contains a letter from the editor-in-chief, in which he remarks that "the entire of their (the rebel,) strength is concentrated along the face of the Potomac, and being in as good condition and as high spirits as they can expect to be at any future time, it is reasonably judged they meditate an early movement to penetrate our lines. During the whole of the past week, they have exhibited an unusual activity in skirmishing and scouting; and, on one occasion, felt our temper with a force of two hundred cavalry, who made a plunge at the picket guard of Gen. Richardson's Brigade, near Bailey's Cross Roads. The Union soldiers were, however, not taken by surprise. Forming quickly, they repulsed the troopers, and then charging vigorously upon their retreat, succeeded in killing several, and stampeding all the rest. It is thought by many that these repeated attempts to puncture our lines are intended to provoke a general engagement, by tempting out supporting forces from both sides; while, by others, these frequently-repeated raids are taken to be feints, to occupy the attention of our Generals, while the more serious demonstration is being prosecuted in another quarter. What General McClellan thinks upon the subject, no one knows; but he evidently is persuaded that Washington is the most important point to watch, and therefore confers upon it the advantage of his presence. To judge by his manner, and the satisfaction he expresses with the condition of the troops, he is quite at ease, and evidently in no degree discomposed by the new constructions of the enemy. He could easily annoy and interrupt them, and retard their works, but he is thickening so fast himself, that he can afford to let them lay a few extra ounces to their ribs. It is not too much to say that with one week's respite more, we will be proof against all danger of assault; and if the enemy should then have the temerity to try our strength, he would be hurled back with a terrific loss. Indeed, I have no doubt that we are, even now, entirely capable of resisting any attack he could make upon us, but a few days more will place the matter beyond the remotest possibility of doubt. Disgraceful is it, to the last extreme, that ever such a possibility existed.

The Federal army here, and hereabouts, in addition to being now in formidable numbers, are in very creditable shape. Penetrated with a sense of insecurity through the want of discipline, they have, for the last three weeks, yielded an amount of intelligent endeavor to their duty that has actually translated them into soldiers; and, hopeless as I was of some particular regiments a few weeks ago, I now begin to see in them the gravity and steadiness of veterans. The confidence in their young General, which, at first, was not much more than a vague sort of hope, has now risen to a sound enthusiasm. They are no longer ignorant of his abilities as a commander, for they have seen and measured his surprising conquest over themselves. From a disjointed, drooping mob, he has constructed them into a self-reliant army; and in the pride of their resurrection, they are animated with an eager desire to once more embrace the enemy. When the clash comes, the battle will be more bitter than before, and I do not believe that the turbulent and foaming billows which will rise from the tumult at the end, will flow again this way. From this moment, therefore, look forward toward us with hope, and if all action is delayed a fortnight, you can permit that hope to take the very strongest shape."

A correspondent of the Buffalo *Courier*, attached to the 21st Regiment N. Y. Volunteers, writes under date of August 29th:—"I mail you a letter thus early because I do not know at what time I may again have an opportunity—perhaps never. The cause of this uncertainty is the steady advance of the rebels upon us. Yesterday they were only two and a half or three miles from us, and later in the afternoon they 'shelled' our pickets out of one of the most commanding 'hills' in that section of the country, and still later, and hour or so, they had six pieces of artillery planted upon the most conspicuous point, thus enabling them to sweep the whole of that country within cannon shot. Our pickets never fired a shot in return, but were quietly ordered to retreat without firing a gun. Nor is this the only point that is threatened. All along the lines it is just the same. What they are up to I cannot conceive. But this I do know, they will have the infernalest fight that ever was known, if they attack any part of our lines, for we are all prepared, and Gen. McClellan has some terrible punishment in store for them, or he would not let them advance so coolly without firing a shot. He has, within the last three days, advanced 50,000 fresh troops on this side, making, in all, that are now under immediate command, over 100,000 men. This skirmishing cannot last much longer without bringing on a general engagement, when, I hope and trust in God, our side may gain the victory."

HOW MCCLELLAN TAKES HIS OBSERVATIONS.—A correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, writing from Washington, says:- "We may, perhaps, meet a man in a broad straw hat, and without his tale-telling shoulder-straps, riding slowly through the camp, looking intently at the men, and noting every item of their accommodations, and overhearing, without seeming to listen, every word of their much or little grumbling. Unless he happens to be personally known, few take notice of him, and the utmost of recognition he receives is from the wide-awake sentry, who demands his authority for passing through the lines. Yet if this man were to appear in all the gaudy paraphernalia with which the articles of war entitle him to bedeck himself, the muskets of every sentry would be at the 'present,' and the hand of every man and officer would visit his cap with respectful military salute—for this unostentatious man is an officer of high rank, on a quiet tour of observance. He may be a Brigadier-General, or even a Major-General, or it is not impossible that it is the now universally trusted McClellan himself. For this young Commander, never fond of show, but ever, save on State occasions, wearing the blue blouse of the Sturges Rifles, (his body-guard,) in preference to the more showy habiliments to which the regulations of the service entitle him, has many a time reviewed a regiment when they were utterly unconscious of his presence, and has passed through many a camp which has been in Egyptian darkness as to the rank of their quiet guest. In fact, the writer was lately in the camp of one of our best regiments (the Twenty-seventh, from Western New York,) the officers of which complained that they had never yet caught sight of McClellan, when it was known to the writer that Gen. McClellan had three times passed through their camp within the preceding forty eight hours.

This sketch must be understood not as a picture of a particular camp at a particular hour of the day, but as a short summary of the varied impressions gathered from wandering through a dozen camps, and, of course, encountering each one at an hour different from the one at which any other given camp was observed."

GENERAL LANDER.—From N. P. Willis' graphic pictures of people at Washington, we extract the following in relation to that brave, accomplished, dashing officer, General Lander:

"A day or two before, (to retrogress for a moment,) I had seen a military horseman alight at Willard's, walk about in the crowd of officers and strangers for a moment or two, as if in search of some one, and then mount and ride away—so common an incident at our be-garrisoned hotel that it would have passed unobserved, but for a certain speciality in the man. His movement was very peculiar. Above the middle height, and most powerfully built, he looked both active and indolent—both stately and careless. It was something between the complete soldierliness of a knight templar and the covert agility of a panther on a prowl. He was rather too long limbed for strict proportion, but the absolute command of every nerve, which was visible in his deliberate grace, showed it to be no disadvantage—the longer legs, too, making him, of course, the better horseman. And such a horseman! He mounted and rode away as if the steed had suddenly become an obedient limb of his own—a portion of his centaur consciousness—but without a bit of the dragoon angularity or any of the martinet constraint of military education. He was, in fact, a magnificent specimen of the bush ranger or prairie trapper, only that he was dressed elegantly in the uniform of an officer of the army; but in both departments perfectly at home. And nobody could tell me who he was.

* * *

It appears that, after all, Lander and I were not such very new acquaintances—in fact, that I had had something to do with his present vocation and destiny! He gave me a droll description of his having conceived once an ambition to be a poet, and of his having called on me (with a copy of verses in his pocket) for advice. I read the 'maiden effort,' criticised it carefully, and concluded by frankly expressing my opinion that 'poetry was not his trade,' advising him to turn his practical talents and personal advantages to better account. He felt very grateful for the advice at the time—took it—and has been ever since a soldier! Who will say that our country owes me nothing, after this? Would 'the Union' at present rather have 'Lander a poet,' or Lander, the twin-hero to McClellan?"

The National Loan.—How it is taken.

THE closing week in August witnessed the opening of an office on the corner of Nassau and Wall streets, New York, for the purpose of receiving individual subscriptions to the popular loan. Mr. Cisco is the Sub-Treasurer, and his place of business is at the point designated. Within the cool, deep shadow of the granite building reigns that perfect order and quiet always associated with great financial transactions. Taking the New York *Herald* for a guide, step in and examine. Entering from Wall street, and turning to the left you will soon find yourself in a handsomely furnished private office. Behind a low table sits Mr. Cisco, a pleasant, amiable gentleman, under whose excellent supervision the department has been carried on for fifteen years, without a single blunder or mistake, although there are many branches of art under his charge, in which correctness and infallibility is rather a matter of instinct than of education. In spite of his multifarious and onerous duties, you will find this gentleman ready to give you any information you may desire in regard to the popular loan. There is no need to ask him the particulars concerning the notes or the manner of subscribing for them. He has anticipated any such queries, and has prepared a set of instructions, brief and explicit, which you may read for yourself, and which have been condensed for the public. Pass, then, to the matter which comes more immediately under his direct supervision—the subscriptions by letter. He tells you that the subscriptions have been very active, and are still upon the increase. The amounts range from fifty to fifty thousand dollars, these being the extreme sums yet deposited.

Many of the subscribers seem to be actuated by patriotic motives alone, and write: "I wish to subscribe so many dollars to support our government," or "to support the best government on earth."

A correspondent at Scranton, Pa.—evidently a mechanic—sends on a thousand dollars, and begs Mr. Cisco to send an agent there, "as there are tons of gold rusting, which the government needs and can have." There is not much chance for fine writing or patriotic expression in these letters, to be sure, but yet in many cases the patriotism shines out of them as plainly as ever it did in Webster's speeches or Scott's army orders. Look at this letter, pray. Is that the chirography of a rich man, or of a poor one? Cannot you see the mark of hard toil in every stroke of the pen? Cannot you see the mark of hard earnings in that word "fifty," afterwards changed into "sixty?" Is there not a romance under all this which you would like to know? and was it not patriotism which induced this poor laborer to scrape together ten more dollars for his country—reserving nothing—risking all his savings?

There's a rich man's letter for you—a full, round, easy hand; a pompous "five thousand dollars;" a great broad seal. Evidently that was written by a man well to do, comfortable and on the lookout for a safe investment, and it doesn't touch your sympathy so nearly, but does it not show a confidence in the stability of the government, in the future of these United States, which no Bull Run reverses, no warnings of the London *Times*, no threats of English capitalists can shake or destroy? Next comes a letter in a lady's hand—delicate, well written, concise. She cannot subscribe much, but she sends her little "to sustain the government," and she may rest assured that it will.

Here's a family letter—five hundred dollars for Mr. John Smith; one hundred for Mrs. John Smith, and fifty dollars each for all the little Smiths, from young John to Sarah. That is from the country—yes, look at the post mark. A comfortable farmer, decidedly—*brusque*, honest, open-hearted and open-handed. Young John, no doubt, has gone off to the wars; for if we mistake not, there is a tear-blot opposite his name, dropped from kind, gentle, motherly eyes which looked over old John's shoulder as he copied the long list of names from the family Bible. Little Sarah must be very young indeed, for, see, she has blotted her own name with her small, pretty dimpled hand in her eagerness to see it and to trace it with her fingers, and in her simple astonishment that it doesn't look at all like herself.

What a curious, crabbed hand the next letter is written in. This is from a widow, and she subscribes largely. How firm and independent the words stand along the page, and how plainly they speak the will of the woman to aid the government with her strong hands, as well as with her means, if she were only a man.

Here is a parcel of letters from clergymen, statesmen, servants, clerks, farmers, capitalists—each individual and peculiar, but all telling the same story.

Then comes a clumsy sort of document, ill spelled, and making a frightful mess of what it wishes to say, as though the writer were not exactly clear in his mind in regard to his intentions. An Irishman, we will warrant. Yes, "Patrick," and a name beginning with O. He would be in the Sixty-ninth if he were young enough, but he spares $100 for his adopted country, in his old age, and promises another hundred "if it be required." The dear old fellow clearly thinks he is giving his money away, but how willingly he does it! Russell's letter on Meagher has warmed him up, and what is money to the honor of Old Ireland?

Next is a merchant's letter, business-like and explicit. He knows that he is making a good investment; and seven and three-tenths per cent. interest pays; that his money is safer with the government than in his drawer, and he subscribes largely.

Then there is a letter from a savings bank, taking thousands of dollars of stock. The institution makes the investment, certainly; but it represents hundreds and hundreds of poor folk, of whose confidence in the preservation of the Union this subscription is an exponent. No government supported thus can fail. Each one of these letters is more than a set off to any that a rascally correspondent may write "generally discouraging to the North."

Fort Hatteras Rebels in New York.

THE *N. Y. Commercial Advertiser* of the 2d inst. gives a very interesting account of the arrival in our commercial emporium of the rebels captured at Forts Clark and Hatteras. We condense therefrom as follows:

The U. S. screw frigate Minnesota, Capt. J. G. Van Brunt, bearing the broad blue pennant of Silas Stringham, Flag officer and Commander-in-Chief of the blockading squadron, arrived this morning at nine o'clock, and anchored off the Battery. She brings here six hundred and ninety one prisoners of war, captured at the late engagement at Hatteras Inlet. The Minnesota is a first-class screw frigate of thirty-two hundred tons register and mounts forty guns; she has two engines of four hundred and fifty horse-power, and is propelled by an auxiliary hoisting propeller; she has four eleven-inch guns, capable of throwing balls of one hundred and sixty pounds weight. She carries a crew of about eight hundred, all told.

During the passage up the bay, the rebel officers occupied the quarter deck, and were intently engaged in viewing the vessels passing to and fro, and the beautiful landscape on either side of our noble bay. The rebel soldiers were scattered from the waste to the forecastle on each side of the ship, looking out of the port holes, leaning on the very guns that had aided in their subjugation. The crew were busy about the deck, the majority of them being armed with a cutlass and a boarding pistol. We also noticed that the twelve-pounder boat howitzers were placed aft, so that in the event of the rebels attempting to rise, they might be quelled. The officers on duty also had their side arms and pistols. The marines were out in full force, and prepared to keep the prisoners in check.

The Minnesota entered the Narrows this morning about eight o'clock under steam alone, and with trim yards, and the entire crew attired in blue pants, white frocks, and white caps. She looked like a picture on the smooth waters of the bay. At the fore floated the pennant of the flag officer, and at the mizzen peak lazily, but proudly, drooped the good old Stars and Stripes. Stopping but for a few moments at the quarantine to be boarded by the health officer, she resumed her trip up the bay. After passing Robbins' Reef light house, she hoisted her private signal, which was promptly answered by the gunboat Rhode Island, which was coming up the bay, and the frigate Potomac, laying at anchor off the Battery.

The prisoners on the passage hither were allowed the full liberty of the ship, and were not placed in irons. Of course every precaution was taken to prevent a surprise; watches were doubled and armed, magazines carefully guarded, and the small arm chests and lockers in charge of special and trusty jack tars. The gun-deck was occupied as the sleeping apartment of as many of the prisoners as could be accommodated, and the remainder were put on the spar deck with the boom cover, and thus protected from the dew. The passage to this port being very favorable, the entire lot of prisoners are looking exceedingly well, considering their two days' fighting and their four days' imprisonment.

A rougher looking class of men are seldom seen together. Most of them are dressed in gray clothes, and wear felt hats of all sizes and shapes, which are, to say the least, "shocking bad hats." Most of the prisoners were either barefooted or very near it. The use of razors seems to be unknown to the great majority of them, and their unshorn hair adds much to the disagreeable appearance of the motley crowd. Most of them, however, are young, athletic men, and look as if they might endure hardships, but there is a peculiar expression about their countenance which does not indicate courage. Many of them claim that they were impressed into the Confederate service, and state that they are good Union men, but to save their lives they were obliged to take up arms for the confederacy. This is an old story, and, with the officers of the ship, it is not credited in a majority of instances.

Most of the common soldiers say that they are glad that they have been taken prisoners, and seem very anxious to know where they will be sent now they are here. From them we learned that their officers have studiously endeavored to keep from them any Northern papers, but were willing to let them have and read any secession journals which contained the glowing accounts of *their* victories.

Most of the officers were clad in a species of blue cloth or flannel, decorated with stripes and buttons, not unlike those worn in the United States navy. The officers occupied the after portion of the ship, and were quartered in the vicinity of the rooms of the officers of the ship.

Commodore S. Barron was formerly a Captain in the United States navy, a native of Virginia, and was appointed from that State. He entered the navy January 1, 1812. He has performed nineteen years and three months' service; had eight years and four months' shore duty, and been unemployed twenty-one years and five months. At the time of his disaffection, he was waiting orders. He is probably about sixty-five years of age. The marks of time are plainly to be traced on his brow. He has been very quiet since his capture, and not at all communicative.

Lieut. Wm. Sharpe, a lieutenant in the confederate navy, was formerly a lieutenant in the United States navy. A native of Virginia, he entered the navy September 9, 1841. He has performed fourteen years and eight months' sea service, three years and six months' shore duty, and has been in the service nineteen years. At the time of his deserting the Stars and Stripes, he was in the navy yard at Norfolk. He is thirty years of age, and is said to be a good seaman, and well qualified as a naval officer.

The French war steamer Catinat, now lying at this port, saluted the American flag, which was promptly returned. As soon as the Minnesota anchored, a boat containing the first lieutenant of the Imperial yacht boarded the frigate, and after exchanging courtesies, congratulated the commodore on the success of the expedition. The Minnesota reports that the privateer steamers Coffee, Gordon, and Winslow, left Hatteras Inlet a few hours previous to the arrival of the Federal fleet.

It is probable that the prisoners on the Minnesota will go either to Fort Wood, on Bedloe's Island, or to Fort Schuyler, at Throgg's Neck.

Since the foregoing was put in type, we learn that the prisoners have been transferred from the Minnesota to Fort Wood, on Bedloe's Island, and to Castle William, on Governor's Island.

Movements at the West.

On the morning of the 6th inst., Gen. Grant, with two regiments of infantry, one company of light artillery, and two gun boats, took possession of Paducah, Ky. He found secession flags flying in different parts of the city, in expectation of greeting the arrival of the Southern army, which was reported thirty-eight hundred strong, sixteen miles distant. The loyal citizens tore down the secession flags on the arrival of our troops. Gen. Grant took possession of the telegraph office, railroad depot, and Marine hospital. He found large quantities of complete rations and leather, destined for the Southern army. The following proclamation has been issued:

> I have come among you, not as an enemy, but as a friend and fellow-citizen; not to injure or annoy you, but to respect, defend, and enforce the rights of all loyal citizens. An enemy in rebellion against our common Government have taken possession of and planted its guns upon the soil of Kentucky, and fired upon our flag; Columbus and Hickman are in his hands; he is moving upon your city. I am here to defend you against this enemy, to assist and maintain the authority and sovereignty of your Government. I have nothing to do with opinions, and shall deal only with armed rebellion, its aiders and abettors. You can pursue your usual avocations without fear. The strong arm of the Government is here to protect its friends and punish only enemies. Whenever it is manifest that you are able to defend yourselves and maintain the authority of your Government and protect the rights of loyal citizens, I shall withdraw the forces under my command.
>
> (Signed,) N. S. GRANT,
> Brig.-Gen. Commanding.

A large secession force surrounded Lexington, Mo., last week, and arrested a number of Union men, among them Ex-Gov. King, Judge Ryland, and Wm. S. Field. On Wednesday, at the instance of the gentleman above named, a flag of truce was sent on by the rebels, which resulted in a conference about a mile from town between Col. Roat, Gen. Reed and Capt. Shelby, on the rebel side, and Maj. Brecker, Capt. Graham and Lieut. Brown, on the Federal side. The rebels demanded the unconditional surrender of the fort, which was flatly refused.

During the investment of the city by the secessionists, a good deal of skirmishing took place in the streets of the city, and in the woods on both sides of the river. The Federal troops destroyed the ferry and houses on the north side of the river, where a fight occurred between a small force under Lieut. Brown and the rebels, in which four or five of the latter were killed and a number wounded, and a number of Brown's men were wounded, one mortally. On Thursday, Lieut. Brown with twenty men was attacked in the streets of the city by a company of secessionists under Capt. Withron, in which the latter were completely routed and Capt. Withron taken prisoner, after being severely wounded by Brown. On Friday, all further attempts to reduce the place was abandoned. Col. Rosseau retreated with his command towards Independence, and Col. Read going towards Fort Scott, leaving Capt. Shelby with about 600 men at his old rendezvous, on Tatto Creek, eight miles west of Lexington, and a considerable secession force in the bottom, between Lexington and Richmond. The forces thus left have cut off all mail communications. Gen. Reed, in going towards Fort Scott, took with him Messrs. King, Ryland, Field, and other prisoners. The whole loss in all the fighting of the secession side was eight killed, besides the wounded, and on the Federal side, one mortally, and several slightly wounded. The federal troops burned a warehouse and several frame houses where the rebels had encamped on the north side of the river.

The St. Louis *Democrat* says that there have been exceedingly vigorous measures inaugurated against the rebels by Gen. Prentiss' command, and a well developed plan is culminating apparently in a retrograde movement of the rebels before the the steady advance of various portions of our forces, judiciously thrown forward at proper times and in proper directions.

There are now about 60,000 troops in St. Louis and within a circuit of about 100 miles around it. All are well uniformed, armed and equipped, ready and eager for active service. Their number is daily increased by fresh arrivals from Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, and two regiments of cavalry from Iowa are shortly expected. So you will see that it will not be long before the "Army of the West" is ready to move. Even now there are rumors of an onward movement commencing, by the greater concentration of troops, the employment by the Government of steamboats and transports on the river, &c. The East may look for stirring news from the West before long.

The correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat* telegraphed the following from Springfield, on the 7th.

About 125 of the wounded in the hospital, in this place, were discharged to-day and will leave for home as soon as the ambulances sent from Rolla arrive here. The remainder of the wounded in the hospital were doing well. The rebel wounded have been sent to Bentonville, a few miles below the Arkansas line. One of their surgeons informs me that the typhoid fever has broken out in their hospital, and their deaths amount to fifteen or twenty per day. General McCulloch is reported to be at Mount Vernon, recruiting and organizing for a bold and vigorous effort Northward.

The postmaster of Osceola, St. Clair County, arrived at St. Louis, on the 8th inst., and reports that when he left news had just reached there of a fight between Gen. Lane's Kansas brigade and a body of rebels under Gen. Raines, in which the latter were completely routed with heavy loss, and Raines taken prisoner. Gen. Price, who was at Osceola, credited the report.

The Kentucky State Senate on the 7th inst. appointed Messrs. Johnson, Reed, and Thornton Marshal, a committee to visit Western Kentucky, and inquire of the Federal and Confederate military authorities, by whose direction and for what reasons they are occupying certain portions of the soil of Kentucky. In the House the United States flag was ordered to be hoisted over the Capitol, by a vote of 77 to 20. Mr. Deshea subsequently moved to hoist the State flag, when the motion was referred to the committee on Federal relations. The Senate is composed of 29 Unionists and 11 Southern Rights men. The House is composed of 76 Unionists and 24 Southern Rights men.

Department of the East.

The capture of Fort Hatteras and its dependencies has spread alarm throughout the Carolinas. Regiments from South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, hurrying to the Potomac, have been stopped on the way and sent to Newbern, under the impression that an immediate attack is contemplated upon that headquarters of the rebel pirates.

The Monticello and Harriet Lane arrived at Fortress Monroe from Hatteras Inlet on the 5th inst. They report the most gratifying intelligence. The Confederates have abandoned their strongly fortified forts at Ocracoke Inlet. Multitudes of North Carolinians have demonstrated their loyalty to the Government by coming to Fort Hatteras to take the oath of allegiance. Col. Hawkins sent word that he had administered the oath to between 200 and 300 in a single day. The steamer Pawnee still lies to the Inlet, and the Susquehannah on the outside. The Susquehannah ran down to Ocracoke Inlet and found the fortifications there completely deserted. The Confederates had carried away their guns, and the white flag was everywhere exhibited.

It has been determined by the Government to hold the position of Cape Hatteras, although the original intention was to destroy and abandon the rebel works; but now it will be made a rendezvous for army and naval forces. This expedition is but the commencement of operations for which the Navy Department has made ample preparations, and which will be rapidly developed.

The energy and activity of the army are inspiring the Government with full confidence of success in maintaining the Union. Complaints of demoralization are no longer heard, while the army is steadily increasing in numbers and ability to perform its functions.

Gov. Curtin, of Penn., has been instructed to commission all regiments in the field, and those authorized in Pennsylvania, by the War Department, giving all volunteers the benefit of the State appropriation, while the United States will clothe and organize them.

A reconnoisance was made on the 6th inst., along the whole front of the Federal lines in Virginia, from a point on the Chain Bridge to Alexandria. The condition of all the camps is excellent, and strict military discipline was everywhere enforced. The soldiers are anxious to meet the enemy, however large may be their numbers.

The Confederates have taken possession of a hill about four miles from Chain Bridge, and erected earthworks. The firing between the pickets is frequent, each party availing itself of every opportunity of shots. It is feared the rebels intend shelling houses belonging to Union men.

Gen. McClellan crossed Long Bridge on the 6th, and passed along the outposts of the army, returning by way of Chain Bridge to Washington, to personally satisfy himself of the condition of affairs, and arrived in Washington before night. His own habits of watchfulness and industry are having most excellent effect on the entire army organization. Manson's Heights are still occupied by the enemy, who have planted two pieces of ordnance at the earthworks. The Confederate pickets continue to fire at the house of Mary Hall, of Ball's Cross Roads, where our pickets are sheltered.

The following order has been issued by Lieut. Gen. Scott:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, Sept. 3d.

The General-in-Chief is happy to announce that the Treasury Department, to meet future payments to the troops, is about to supply, besides coin, as heretofore, Treasury Notes in 5s, 10s, and 20s, as good as gold at all banks and Government offices throughout the United States, and are the most convenient for transmission by mail from officers and men to their families at home. Good husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers, serving under the Stars and Stripes, will thus soon have the ready and safe means of relieving an immense amount of suffering which could not be reached with coin.

In making up packages, every officer is relied upon for such assistance as may be needed by his men.

By command of Lieut. Gen. SCOTT.
E. D. THOMAS, Adj. Gen.

Com. Stringham has made his official report respecting the operations of the fleet at Hatteras Inlet, which contains no facts additional to those already published. He concludes his narrative by saying:

"I have naught but praise to accord to the officers, seamen, and marines of the Navy, and officers and soldiers of the Army, who were present, for their gallantry and cheerful devotion to duty and the Government."

The Secretary of the Navy has addressed the following letter to Commissioner Stringham:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, Aug. 2, 1861.

SIR:—The Department congratulate you and those of your command, and also the officers and soldiers of the army who co-operated with you on the reduction of Forts Hatteras and Clark, and the capture of the forces employed in their defence. The successful result thus far of the expedition, projected with great care, and the occupation of the positions commanding the most important inlet on the coast of North Carolina, will be attended with consequences that can scarcely be over estimated. This brilliant achievement, accomplished without the loss of a man on your part or injury to any one in the Federal services, has gained joy and gladness to the bosom of every friend of the Union. It is, I trust, but the beginning of results that will soon aid the United States in suppressing the insurrection and conforming more strongly than ever to the integrity of the Union. Convey to the officers and men of the respective vessels under your command, the thanks of the Department for their gallant conduct, and the assurance that is thus afforded us in the great emergency that is now upon us. The country may rely as of old upon the vigor and enthusiasm of its brave officers and sailors. I am respectfully,

Your ob't servant,
GIDEON WELLS.

To Flag Officer S. Stringham, Flag Officer Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

The Secretary of the Navy has, under the direction of the President, and in pursuance of the act for the retiring of such officers as appear disabled to perform duty, appointed the following named officers as a Board to determine and report upon the facts in the cases which may be presented:—Com. Hiram Paulding, Chairman; Capts. C. H. Bell and D. G. Pairogul, and Surgeons L. B. Hunter and N. Pinckney.

The telegraph during the week reported a fight in Boone Co., Virginia, between a portion of the Federal troops and some rebels to Boone Co., in which the latter were defeated and the town of Boone burned. The following particulars we gather from the correspondence of the Cincinnati *Commercial*—

"Col. Guthrie, commanding that post, heard that Gen. Beckley was raising and organizing a regiment in Boone county, for the Southern army, and it was thought by Saturday eight it would be a thousand strong. On Friday morning, Col. Guthrie sent out Capt. Wheeler's company A, of the First Kentucky Regiment, and Capt. Rook and his company, of the Twenty-Sixth Ohio Regiment. An ample reserve force was ordered to follow in proper time, that the two companies might fall back upon it, if they found the enemy too strong for them. With the aid of the Home Guards, however, they were ample for the work, as the following will show:

CAMP ENYART, Sept. 2.

COL. GUTHRIE:—I have just had a message from Col. Enyart. The companies of Capts. Wheeler and Rook, with the Home Guards of that vicinity, have had an engagement with the enemy at Boone, totally routing them after killing twenty-five, taking some prisoners and burning the town. Six of our men were wounded, and I am about to send the ambulance with Dr. White. Our forces will return to-day.

THOMAS COX, JR.,
Capt. Commanding Post.

The following orders were promulgated Saturday:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC
GENERAL ORDERS, No 7.

The Major-General commanding desires and requests that in future there may be a more perfect respect for the Sabbath on the part of his command. We are fighting in a holy cause, and should endeavor to deserve the benign favor. Unless in the case of an attack from the enemy, or some other extreme military necessity, it is commended to commanding officers that all work shall be suspended on the Sabbath, that no unnecessary movements shall be made on that day, and that the men, as far as possible, shall be permitted to attend divine service. After the customary morning inspection, the officers and men alike will use their influence to insure the utmost decorum and quiet on that day. The General commanding regards this as no idle form. One day's rest is necessary for man and animal; more than this, the observance of the holy day and reverence for the God of battles are our sacred duty.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.
S. WILLIAMS, Assistant Adjutant-General.

The N. Y. *Tribune's* special correspondence says that the Court Martial at Alexandria adjourned after having found some thirty soldiers guilty of offenses for which they are sentenced to be shot. Three of our pickets were taken prisoners, and were stripped naked by the rebels (who were equally as naked), and divided their clothes among themselves. The rebels planted guns Saturday on Munson Hill battery.

The War Department received a dispatch from Gen. Rosecrans, from Sutton, Va., dated the 6th, in which it is stated all is well with his command.

A special Richmond dispatch of the 6th, says that Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson, a General in the Confederate Army, has arrived, and it is expected will be assigned to duty at Manassas.

The Richmond papers learn that Gen. Lee was at Valley Mountain on the 27th ult., waiting for fair weather and good roads to commence operations. The Federals are strongly posted at Stalnokers, about twelve miles distant between there and Huttonville.

Gen. Dix has issued an order interdicting all communication with the State prisoners at Fort McHenry. Passes heretofore issued are countermanded.

The following are the results of careful and extended observation on the 7th on the Virginia side of the Potomac. A new and formidable battery has been discovered commanding the Leesburg Turnpike about seven miles from the Chain Bridge. The firing of the woods by the Confederates exposed this battery to the view of our troops. Owing to the distance, no guns were discernible nor any large body of troops. Men were, however, employed on the fortifications to-day. At daylight this morning our pickets advanced one mile farther into Virginia, the Confederates retiring before them from the direction of Arlington.

Wednesday week the Confederates fired from an eminence at Great Falls, sixteen miles from Washington, upon a body of our troops on the Maryland side. Their rifled cannon, although perhaps a hundred times discharged, wounded only one of our men. They attempted to ford the river by constructing a temporary bridge with planks, when they were repulsed by the sharpshooters of Pennsylvania 7th, and a number of them killed. The Confederates then retired from view, carrying with them their battery.

On the 7th Gen. McClellan made a balloon ascension with Prof. Lowe, and occupied two hours in a reconnoisance.

Gen. McClellan's order for the observance of the Sabbath was read throughout the entire lines, and was everywhere received with gladness.

Com. Stringham reached Old Point on the 7th. His flag ship has not arrived. The Harriet Lane has sailed for New York; also the Quaker City, in consequence of new orders from the Commodore.

The George Peabody arrived on the 6th from Hatteras Inlet, bringing recent intelligence and a number of fugitive families from the mouth of Tar River, who managed to escape to the Inlet. The fortifications at Ocracoke Inlet have been abandoned, and probably those at Oregon Inlet, some forty miles this side of Cape Hatteras. A powerful steamer was seen inside at the latter place when the Peabody came up yesterday. There is no light at Hatteras, the rebels having removed the lenses. No signs of a fortification are to be seen at the Cape. It is supposed the rebels will make a stand at Fort Macon, a strong casemated work guarding the approach to Beaufort. Refugees from North Carolina report that the lower counties of the State are ready to hoist the Union flag when assured of support. A perfect reign of terror exists. The State troops were in part returning from Virginia. A prominent clergyman at Hatteras Inlet said that should a Federal force invade the main land near Beaufort, it would at once be joined by two thousand North Carolina Unionists. The captain of the Peabody counted twenty-five wrecks between Capes Hatteras and Henry. Col. Max Weber will return to Old Point, and Col. Hawkins' force will be greatly strengthened.

Affairs at Washington.

Advices received on the 6th inst. from Virginia, leave no doubt that the leaders of the rebellion, civil and military, have agreed to attempt an advance upon Washington and Baltimore within a few days. The Government is fully prepared for every emergency.

B. F. Gallagher, Paymaster of the Navy, and who has been stationed for some time at the Washington Navy Yard, was arrested on the 5th by order of the Government, and is now in custody in Philadelphia. He is from Richmond, Virginia, and it is believed that his offense is disloyalty to the Government.

Captain A. Beckwith, Commissary of Subsistence, has advertised for sealed proposals for 5,000 barrels of flour, to be made of new wheat; also 40,000 bushels of potatoes, of the first quality; the Government reserving the right, in each case, to pay for the same in treasury notes.

Mr. Hamilton, a Canadian, and a fighting man in our Western wars, three months ago offered to our Government a brigade of 5,000 colored men, to be raised in Canada West.

Mr. Birch, the British Consul at Charleston, writes to his friends in this city that the effect of the blockade is felt with increased severity every week. The Southern people are bitterly lamenting their destitute condition.

The State Department has notified the War Department that it must refrain from granting passes to women and children who desire to enter the Southern States. The travel by the way of Louisville is completely blockaded by order of the Government. Applications for passes north were refused on the 6th inst.

The President and Gov. Magoffin, of Kentucky, have been enjoying a little epistolary correspondence upon the military occupation of that State by the Federal Government. We give the letters entire:

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY, EXECUTIVE DEP'T,
FRANKFORT, August 19, 1861.

To His Excellency, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States:

SIR: From the commencement of the unhappy hostilities now pending in this country, the people of Kentucky have indicated an earnest desire and purpose, as far as lay in their power, while maintaining their original political status, to do nothing by which to involve themselves in this war. Up to this time they have succeeded in securing to themselves and to the State peace and tranquility as the fruits of the policy they adopted. My single object now is to promote the continuance of these blessings to the people of this State.

Until within a brief period the people of Kentucky were quiet and tranquil, free from domestic strife, and undisturbed by internal commotion. They have resisted no law, rebelled against no authority, engaged in no revolution, but constantly proclaimed their firm determination to pursue their peaceful avocations, earnestly hoping that their own soil would be spared the presence of armed troops, and that the scene of conflict would be kept removed beyond the border of their State. By thus avoiding all occasions for the introduction of bodies of armed soldiers, and offering no provocation for the presence of military force, the people of Kentucky have sincerely striven to preserve in their State domestic peace, and avert the calamities of sanguinary engagement.

Recently a large body of soldiers have been enlisted in the United States army, and collected in military camps in the central portion of Kentucky. This movement was preceded by the active organization of companies, regiments, &c., consisting of men sworn into the United States service, under officers holding commissions from yourself. Ordnance, arms, munitions and supplies of war are being transported into the State, and placed in large quantities in these camps. In a word, an army is now being organized and quartered within the State, supplied with all the appliances of war, without the consent or advice of the authorities of the State, and without consultation with those most prominently known and recognized as loyal citizens. This movement now imperils that peace and tranquility which from the beginning of our pending difficulties have been the paramount desire of this people, and which, up to this time, they have so secured to the State.

Within Kentucky there has been, and is likely to be, no occasion for the presence of military force. The people are quiet and tranquil, feeling no apprehension of any occasion arising to invoke protection from the Federal arm. They have asked that their territory be left free from military occupation, and the present tranquility of their communication left uninvaded by soldiers. They do not desire that Kentucky shall be required to supply the battlefield for the contending armies, or become the theater of the war.

Now, therefore, as Governor of the State of Kentucky, and in the name of the people I have the honor to represent, and with the single and earnest desire I have to avert from their peaceful homes the horrors of war, I urge the removal from the limits of Kentucky the military force now organized and in camp within the State. If such action as is hereby urged be promptly taken, I firmly believe the peace of the people of Kentucky will be preserved, and the horrors of a bloody war will be averted from a people now peaceful and tranquil.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
B. MAGOFFIN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 24.

To His Excellency, B. Magoffin, Governor of the State of Kentucky:

SIR: Your letter of the 19th inst., in which you urge the removal from the limits of Kentucky of the military force now organized and in camp within that State, is received.

I may not possess full and precisely accurate knowledge upon this subject, but I believe it is true that there is a military force in camp within Kentucky, acting by authority of the United States, which force is not very large, and is now being augmented. I also believe that some arms have been furnished to this force by the United States. I also believe this force consists exclusively of Kentuckians, having their camp in the immediate vicinity of their own homes, and not assailing or menacing any of the good people of Kentucky.

In all I have done in the premises I have acted upon the urgent solicitation of many Kentuckians, and in accordance with what I believed, and still believe, to be the wish of a majority of all the Union loving people of Kentucky.

While I have conversed on this subject with many eminent men of Kentucky, including a large majority of her members of Congress, I do not remember that any one of them, or any other person except your Excellency and the bearers of your Excellency's letter, has urged me to remove the military force from Kentucky, or to disband it. One other very worthy citizen of Kentucky did solicit me to have the augmenting of the force suspended for a time.

Taking all the means within my reach to form a judgment, I do not believe it is the popular wish of Kentucky that this force shall be removed beyond her limits; and, with this impression, I must respectfully decline to so remove it.

I most cordially sympathize with your Excellency in the wish to preserve the peace of my own native State, Kentucky; but it is with regret I search, and cannot find, in your not very short letter, any declaration or intimation that you entertain any desire for the preservation of the Federal Union.

Your obedient servant, A. LINCOLN.

Baron E. Von Vogesanh, a Swedish officer who distinguished himself in the war of Schleswig-Holstein, has offered his services to the Government. He brings letters from the King of Sweden recommending him to its favorable consideration.

It is probable that either Ex-Gov. Briggs, of Massachusetts, or Mr. Patridge, of Maryland, will be chosen umpire of the New Grenada and United States Commissioners. All the cases of indemnity arising from the Panama riots and massacre of April, 1856, have been filed up to the 1st inst. New Grenada has by the convention three months in which to take testimony.

The War Department has sent an order to Gen. Wool to hold Hatteras Inlet.

The Pension Bureau has already commenced pensioning the soldiers wounded during the war.

The Russian Minister, Stoeckl, had an audience with the President on Saturday, and read the following dispatch:

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 10th.—To Mr. D. Stoeckl, Sir:—From the beginning of the conflict which divides the United States, you have desired to make known to the Federal Government the deep interest with which our august master was observing the developments of a crisis which puts in question the prosperity and even the existence of the Union. The Emperor profoundly regrets to see that the hope of a peaceful solution is not realized, and that American citizens already in arms are ready to let loose upon their country the most formidable of the scourges of society, a civil war. For the more than eighty years that it has existed, the American Union owes its independence, its towering rise, and its progress to the concord of its members, consecrated under the auspices of its illustrious founders by institutions which have been able to reconcile the Union with liberty. This Union has been faithful; it has exhibited to the world the spectacle of a prosperity without example in the annals of history. It would be deplorable that after so conclusive an experience the United States should be hurried into a breach of the solemn compact which up to this time has made their power. In spite of the diversity of their constitutions and their interests, and perhaps even of this diversity, Providence seems to urge them to draw closer the traditional bond which is the basis of the very condition of their political existence.

In any event the sacrifice which they might impose upon themselves to maintain it are beyond comparison with those which dissolution bring after it. United, they perfect themselves — isolated, they are paralyzed. The struggle which unhappily has just arisen, can neither be definitely prolonged, nor lead to the total destruction of one of the parties. Sooner or later it must be necessary to come to some settlement, whatsoever it may be, which may cause the divergent interests now in conflict to co-exist. The American nation would then give a proof of high political wisdom in seeking in common such a settlement before the useless effusion of blood, a barren squandering of strength and public riches and acts of violence and reciprocal reprisals, shall have come to deepen an abyss between the two parties, and of the confederation to end definitely in mutual exhaustion, and in the ruin, perhaps irretrievable, of commercial and political power.

Our august master cannot resign himself to admit such deplorable anticipations. His Imperial Majesty still places his confidence in the practical good sense of the citizens who appreciate their true interests. His majesty is happy to believe that the members of the Federal Government, and the influential men of the two parties will seize all occasions and will unite all their efforts to calm the effervescence of the passions. There are no interests so divergent that it may not be possible to reconcile them by laboring to that end with zeal and perseverance in a spirit of patience and moderation.

If within the limits of your friendly relations your language and your counsels may contribute to this result, you will respond to the instructions of his majesty, the Emperor, in devoting to this the personal influence which you may have been able to acquire during your long residence at Washington, and the consideration which belongs to your character as the representative of a sovereign animated by the most friendly sentiments towards the American Union. This Union is not simply in our eyes an element essential to the universal political equilibrium. It constitutes, besides, a nation to which our august master and all Russia have pledged the most friendly interests; for the two countries, placed at the two extremities of the two worlds, both in the ascending period of their development, appear called to a natural community of interests and of sympathies, of which they have already given mutual proofs to each other.

I do not seek here to approach any of the questions which divide the United States. We are not called upon to express ourselves in this contest. The preceding considerations have no other object than to attest the lively solicitude of the Emperor in the presence of the dangers which menace the American Union, and the sincere wish which his majesty entertains for the maintenance of that great work so laboriously raised and which appears so rich in its future.

It is in this sense, sir, that I desire you to express yourself, as well to the members of the General Government as to the influential persons whom you may meet, giving them the assurance that in every event the American nation may count upon the most cordial sympathy on the part of our august master during the important crisis which it is passing through at present.

Receive, dear sir, the expression of my very deep consideration. GORTSCHAKOFF.

The Secretary of State has delivered to M. Stoeckl the following acknowledgment:

WASHINGTON, Sept. 7, 1861.

The Secretary of State is authorized by the President to express to M. Stoeckl, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of His Majesty the Emperor of Russia, his profound sense of the liberal, friendly and magnanimous sentiments of His Majesty on the subject of the internal differences which for a time have seemed to threaten the American Union, as they are communicated in the instruction to M. Stoeckl, and by him read by His Majesty's direction to the President of the United States and the Secretary of State.

M. de Stoeckl will express to his Government the satisfaction with which the Government regards this new guarantee of a friendship between the two countries, which had its beginning with the national existence of the United States.

The Secretary of State offers to M. de Stoeckl renewed assurances of high consideration.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

For the past ten days rumors of the death of Jefferson Davis have been exceedingly rife. These reports have reached Washington through various avenues, but the Government states that nothing of an official character has yet been received.

Naval Intelligence.

THE following United States men-of-war are now on their way home, or ordered home, to re-enforce the blockade fleets:

Corvette Constellation, 22 guns, from the coast of Africa. First rate ship.

Corvette Portsmouth, 22 guns, from the coast of Africa. Good ship.

Sloop-of-war Saratoga, 20 guns, from the coast of Africa. A very serviceable vessel.

Sloop-of-war John Adams, 20 guns, from the East Indies. Not a valuable craft.

Storeship and transport Relief, from the coast of Africa. A strong and sound vessel.

Steam corvette San Jacinto, 13 guns, from the coast of Africa. Efficient vessel.

Steam gunboat Mohican, 6 guns, from the coast of Africa. A valuable craft for blockading Southern harbors.

Steam gunboat Dacotah, 6 guns, from the East Indies. A new ship.

Steam gunboats Sumter and Mystic, 6 guns, from the coast of Africa. Both light draft vessels.

Steam gunboat Saginaw, from the East Indies. A new gunboat.

When these have all arrived, the blockade fleet will be strengthened by the following force in regular men-of-war:

Vessels.	Officers and men.	Tons.	Guns.
Constellation	350	1,452	22
Portsmouth	325	1,422	22
Saratoga	300	882	20
John Adams	280	700	20
Relief	100	468	2
San Jacinto	350	1,446	13
Mohican	180	994	6
Narragansett	150	804	5
Sumter	100	464	6
Mystic	100	465	6
Saginaw	100	453	3
	2,335	9,150	125

This will enable us to "hermetically" seal every port which the President may wish to interdict. All the vessels named are in comparatively good repair, and need not lose any time after their arrival.

The steamer Rescue left Philadelphia on Sunday morning for service as a dispatch boat on the Potomac.

Three gunboats, now building in Philadelphia, are expected to be ready for launching in about two weeks.

Orders have been received at the Brooklyn Navy Yard for the fitting out of the frigate Brandywine. This vessel is now laid up in ordinary in the Cob dock, and has been used at times for a practice ship, but during the winter season she has been stripped. It is said that the ship is very rotten, and will not pass inspection. This, however, is not the case, for she is as sound as ever. She will be dug out of the mud and put in order immediately. The Brandywine was built in Washington in 1825, and is of 1,726 tons register, and rates fifty guns. In the navy she is known as "La Fayette's ship," from the fact that her first duty was to convey that distinguished personage from the United States to his native shores.

Enforcing the Confiscation Act.

THE Proclamation of the President, issued on the 16th of August, giving notice of the intended confiscation, according to the act, of property owned in rebel States, was carried into operation on the 1st inst., in New York. The fifteen days that, by the terms of the proclamation, were to elapse before it should be put in force, expired at 12 o'clock on Saturday night. R. F. Andrews, the Surveyor of the Port, gave notice to the revenue officers in command at the Barge-Office to have in readiness fifty officers, to await the order of the Surveyor at 8 o'clock Sunday morning. Punctually at that hour the Surveyor proceeded to the Barge-Office with Inspector Thomas J. Brown, and employing the revenue cutter G. Birkbeck, with the fifty officers referred to, proceeded to take possession of all the ships in port belonging, in whole or in part, to citizens of States in insurrection, and placed revenue officers on board of each, to hold the same until the necessary proceedings can be instituted for their confiscation under the act aforesaid, and their consequent forfeiture to the United States. There were twenty-five vessels seized in all, and of these about an equal proportion of ships, barks, brigs and schooners. Some of the vessels and cargoes are very valuable, and altogether it is estimated that several million dollars will probably accrue to the Government. The vessels, however, will turn out to be owned in major part by Northern citizens, and the cargoes entirely so, and these interests will be released. On the 2d inst. eight more vessels were seized by the squadron, including the steamer Marion and ship Trumbull. The latter was loaded and ready to sail for Antwerp.

On the 4th inst. the Cincinnati U. S. Marshal seized the interest of citizens of the rebel States in merchandise for sale on commission in that city, amounting to $50,000.

On the 2d inst. the U. S. Marshal in Philadelphia seized the bark Benjamin Hallett, and schooners C. H. Hyson, M. A. Shindler, Burrows, C. Arietes, Emma, Amelia, and Eagle. Other seizures are anticipated. Some action will be taken by the Collector to insure those Northern loyalists who own shares in the seized vessels their part of the concern.

The steamers Champion, Hannibal and Meteor, property of rebel citizens, were seized at the St. Louis wharf on the 6th inst., and confiscated under the recent act of Congress.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE Democrats of New York met in Convention last week and nominated a State Ticket, as follows:

Judge of Court of Appeals — George F. Comstock, of Onondaga.

Secretary of State — David R. Floyd Jones, of Queens.

Comptroller — George G. Scott, of Saratoga.

Attorney General — Lyman Tremain, of Albany.

Treasurer — Francis C. Brunck, of Erie.

State Engineer and Surveyor — Van R. Richmond, of Wayne.

Canal Commissioner, (full term,) — Jarvis B. Lord, of Monroe.

Canal Commissioner, (short term,) — William W. Wright, of Seneca.

Inspector of State Prisons — William C. Rhodes, of Chemung.

The closing proceeding was the selection of a State Central Committee, which was made up as follows:

First District — Elijah T. Purdy and Wm. Minor, of New York. Second — John Reid and N. Holmes Odell, of New York. Third — Peter Cagger, of Albany, and Jacob Hardenburg, of Ulster. Fourth — Emerson E. Davis, of Washington, and R. H. Cushney, of Montgomery. Fifth — Lorenzo Carroll, of Herkimer, and Willard Johnson, of Oswego. Sixth — Duncan S. Magee, of Schuyler, and Abram Miller, of Tioga. Seventh — Albert A. Hahard, of Ontario, and Wm. C. Rowley, of Monroe. Eighth — Dean Richmond, of Genesee, and A. P. Lanning, of Buffalo.

THE Union party of Iowa met in Convention at Des Moines on the 28th ult., and nominated the following ticket for State Officers: For Governor — N. Baker, of Clinton. For Lieutenant Governor — Colonel Dewey, of Henry county. For Supreme Judge — Rufus Noble, of Clayton county. Mr. Baker was the last Democratic Governor of New Hampshire. He has been a resident of Iowa for several years, and is now Adjutant General of the State. The other two gentlemen on the ticket are Republicans.

THERE is a secret political society organized throughout the South, called the Union League. There is, we understand, a lodge with about two hundred members in Montgomery, Alabama, who are sworn to stand by each other. This League is designed to counteract the designs of the Knights of the Golden Cross. It is especially formidable in North Carolina, and members were recently elected by it to the Federal Congress, many thousands of votes being cast.

THE politicians of Ohio united upon a ticket composed thus: Governor — David Tod, Democrat. Lieut. Governor — Benjamin Stanton, Republican. Superior Judge — Josiah Scott. Treasurer — G. V. Dorsey. Secretary of State — E. B. Cowen. Comptroller — Joseph H. Riley. Board of Public Works — John Torrence. There are three Republicans, three Democrats and one American. The ticket gives entire satisfaction.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Homes for Boys Wanted — E. Wright.
Farm for Sale — Henry Burton.
Grape Vines for Sale — J. Knox.
Strawberry, Raspberry and Blackberry Plants — J. Knox.
Berkshire Pigs — Wm. K. Gridley.
Triomphe de Gand Strawberry Plants — J. Knox.
Stencil Tools — W. K. Lanphear & Co.
Wilson's Albany Strawberry Plant — J. Knox.

The Publisher to the Public.

OUR FALL CAMPAIGN!

The Rural, on Trial, at only Half Price!

IN response to late requests from Agents and others, we would state that, in order to accommodate those wishing to try the RURAL NEW-YORKER for a few months — and also as a means of introducing it more generally in many localities preparatory to the commencement of a new volume — we have concluded to offer the paper from September 1st to January, or from October to January, at ONLY HALF PRICE. We will therefore send the RURAL from September 1st to January (4 months, or 17 papers,) for 33 cents — or 3 copies for $1, 6 for $2, &c. From October to January (3 months — 13 papers,) at only 25 cts. per copy — or 4 copies for $1, 8 for $2, 12 for $3, &c. In each case we will send to as many different post-offices as desired. Our Canada friends will of course add American postage (at the rate of 12½ cts. for 12 months,) to the above rates.

☞ This is offering the RURAL *below* war prices, and at a rate affording us no profit. But we hope, by thus furnishing the paper at or below cost, to introduce it to thousands who will become permanent subscribers. As the times are improving, and the long evenings and period of leisure are coming on apace, we trust the agents and other friends of the RURAL will kindly aid in extending its circulation and benefits. Almost any reader so disposed, can obtain from 4 to 20 trial subscribers with comparatively little effort — thus not only benefiting individuals and community, but contributing to the future prosperity and usefulness of the paper. Friends of the RURAL and its Objects! will you not make some effort in the right direction — to further the circulation of the favorite RURAL WEEKLY, and render its *Fall Campaign* successful?

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

☞ CHANGE OF ADDRESS. — Subscribers wishing the address of their papers changed from one Post-Office to another, must specify the OLD address as well as the NEW to secure compliance with their requests.

☞ NO TRAVELING AGENTS are employed by us, as we wish to give the whole field to local agents and those who form clubs. And beside, we wish it distinctly understood that all persons traveling through the country, professing to hold certificates from us, ARE IMPOSTORS.

☞ TO CLERGYMEN — In answer to inquiries we would state that the RURAL is sent to Clergymen at the lowest club rate ($1,-25 per year.) The Clergy are among the warmest friends of the paper. Many are kindly using their influence in its behalf, and very successful in their efforts to increase its circulation.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM — copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, and always discontinued when the subscription expires. Hence, we force the paper upon none, and keep no credit books, experience having demonstrated that the Cash System is altogether the best for both Subscriber and Publisher.

☞ WESTERN AND SOUTHERN MONEY. — In the present deranged state of the currency, we are unable to use Western and Southern money, as our bankers will not purchase it at any rate of discount. Agents and Subscribers who cannot obtain New York, New England, Pennsylvania, or Canada Money, will please send us *U. S. Postage Stamps*, as they are far preferable to any uncurrent bank bills.

☞ ASSOCIATED EFFORT leads to success in canvassing for periodicals, as well as in other enterprises. For instance, if you are forming (or wish to form) a club for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and cannot fill it up in your own neighborhood, get some person or persons a few miles distant to join with or assist you — adding their names to those you may procure, and sending all together. Please think of this, and act upon the suggestion if convenient.

☞ THE DOCUMENTS FREE. — Specimen numbers of our new volume will be sent free to all applicants. We shall take pleasure in also sending, free and post-paid, our large Show-Bill for 1861 (beautifully colored by hand,) Prospectus, &c., to any and all persons disposed to aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. Reader, please send us the addresses of such of your friends, near or distant, as you think would be likely to subscribe or act as agents, and we will forward the documents accordingly.

☞ LOOK SHARP, FRIENDS! — If those ordering the RURAL would write all names of persons, post-offices, &c., correctly and plainly, WE should receive less scolding about *other people's errors*. Our clerks are not infallible, but most of the errors about which agents complain are *not* attributable to any one in the RURAL Office. People who forget to date their letters at any place, or to sign their names, or to give the name or address for copies ordered, will please take things calmly and not charge *us* with their sins of omission, etc.

☞ THE RURAL NEW-YORKER AS A PRESENT. — In cases where a subscriber sends the RURAL to a friend or relative as a *present*, we only charge the lowest club rate — $1.25 per year. Our lowest price for copies thus sent to Canada is $1.37½, and to Europe $2.25. Many are ordering this volume as a New Year's Present to distant friends, thinking it a most valuable gift, and it is certainly one which will remind the recipient fifty-two times of the kind remembrance of the donor.

— The RURAL will be sent until Jan., as a present, at half price, according to trial terms for the Fall Campaign.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and whether in ones, twos, fives, tens or twenties will receive attention and be gratefully acknowledged. It is small clubs, and subsequent additions to them, which must make up the great bulk of our subscription — and hence we fully appreciate the efforts of those who form the rivulets upon which we depend to swell our general circulation. Agent-Friends will please bear this in mind, and send on the names of all who will join their clubs. The hard times and panic have no doubt caused many to delay renewing or subscribing, — but they, and their families, intend to have the RURAL, and we hope our friends will afford them opportunity. Many agents are furnishing the RURAL, and taking pay in produce, &c., — while not a few generously advance the money. In all such instances, we endeavor to be as liberal to agents as they are to subscribers.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office,
ROCHESTER, September 10, 1861.

FLOUR is without change in rates.

GRAIN — Corn has advanced 2@3 cents per bushel during the week, and is quite firm.

APPLES are in good supply at 38@50 cents per bushel.

PELTS. — We put an additional 6 cents on choice Lamb and Sheep skins.

WOOL is still advancing, the start of the week being equal to two cents per pound.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Eggs, dozen	8@9c
Flour, winter wheat	$5.00@6.25	Honey, box	10@10c
Flour, spring do	4.25@4.75	Candles, box	10½@11c
Flour, buckwheat	2.00@2.00	Candles, extra	12@12c
Meal, Indian	90c@$1	FRUIT AND ROOTS	
Wheat, Genesee	1.00@1.20	Apples, bushel	38@50c
Best white Canada	1.18@1.20	Apples, dried ₩ lb	3@4c
Corn, old	42@45c	Peaches, do	12@12c
Corn, new	42@45c	Cherries, do	12@12c
Rye, 60 lbs ₩ bush	40@45c	Plums, do	00@8c
Oats, by weight	25@25c	Potatoes	31@38c
Barley	50@50c	HIDES AND SKINS	
Buckwheat	35@40c	Slaughter	5@5c
Beans	1.00@1.25	Calf	0@5c
MEATS		Sheep Pelts	31@50c
Pork, Mess	$14.50@15.00	Lamb Pelts	31@50c
Pork, clear	17.00@18.00	SEEDS	
Pork, cwt	5.00@5.50	Clover, bushel	$5.00@5.25
Beef, cwt	4.00@5.00	Timothy	2.00@2.50
Spring lambs, each	1.25@1.75	SUNDRIES	
Mutton, carcass	6@8c	Wood, hard	$3.00@5.00
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Wood, soft	3.00@3.00
Shoulders	5@6c	Coal, Lehigh	7.00@7.00
Chickens	9@10c	Coal, Scranton	5.50@5.50
Turkeys	10@11c	Coal, Pittston	5.50@5.50
Geese	40@50c	Coal, Shamokin	5.50@5.50
Ducks ₩ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	1.38@1.42
Butter, roll	9@10c	Hay, ton	7.00@9.00
Butter, firkin	8@9c	Straw, ton	0.00@0.00
Cheese	4@5c	Wool, ₩ lb	25@30c
Lard, tried	8½@9c	Whitefish, half bbl	3.00@3.00
Tallow, rough	4@4½c	Codfish, quintal	4.00@4.50
Tallow, tried	6@6½c	Trout, half bbl	3.00@3.25

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 9. — FLOUR — Market without any decided change, with only a limited supply offering and a moderate business doing for export and home consumption. State flour is scarce and in good request for export. Sales at $4,40 for superfine State, $4,65@4,75 for extra do, $4,35@4,40 for superfine Western, $4,60@4,75 for common to medium extra do, $5,00@5,10 for shipping brands extra round hooped Ohio, and $5,20@6,25 for trade brands do, — market closing quiet. Canadian flour in moderate demand and prices steady. Sales at $4,35@4,40 for superfine, and $4,60@7,50 for common to choice extra. Rye flour steady, with small sales at $2,50@3,85. Corn meal steady and in moderate demand, with sales at $2,80 for Jersey.

GRAIN — Wheat market dull and scarcely so firm. Shippers are disposed to hold off for larger receipts, anticipated during next week. Sales Milwaukee club at $1,03½@1,09, red State at $1,08@1,15, red Western at $1,15½@1,17, white Western at $1,20@1,26, and white Kentucky at $1,20@1,29. Rye quiet and steady at 60@63c for Western and State, and 65c for North River. Barley continues dull and nominally unchanged. Barley malt dull and nominal at 77c. Peas quiet and nominal at 68c for Canadian. Corn market rules scarcely so firm, with less doing for export and home consumption. Sales at 45½@48c for fair mixed Western, 48@49c for good to prime shipping do, and 50@51c for yellow Western. Oats in moderate demand at 27@29c for Canadian, and 33@34c. for Western and State.

PROVISIONS — Pork quiet and prices unchanged; sales at $14,00@14,25 for mess; and $9 75@10 00 for prime. Beef quiet and steady, sales at $4@4,50 for country prime; $5,00@5,50 for country mess, $9,00@11,25 for re-packed mess; and $12,75@13,50 for extra mess. Prime mess beef continues dull and nominally unchanged, at $17@18. Beef hams quiet; sales at $12,50@13.00. Cut meats in moderate request, sales at 4½@4½c for Shoulders and 5@6½c for Hams. Smoked meats scarce and very quiet. Bacon dull and nominally unchanged. Lard dull and easier, sales at 8½@9½c. for No 1 to choice Western. Butter firm and selling at 7@10½c for Ohio, and 12@14½ cts for State. Cheese in good request, and selling at 5@7cts for good to very choice.

ASHES — Steady and quiet at $5,25 for Pots, and $5,25 for Pearls.

ALBANY, SEPT. 9. — FLOUR AND MEAL — Flour in light demand, sales between 800 and 900 bbls., at last week's prices.

Common to good State	$4,10@4,40
Fancy and extra State	4,35@4,00
Common to good Western	4,50@5,00
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.	5,25@5,60
Extra Ohio	6,00@6,75
Common Canadian	4,00@4,50
Extra Canadian	4,75@6,75
Fancy Genesee	5,00@6,20
Extra Genesee and city brands	6,00@7,00

Corn meal in good request at 75@85c ₩ 100 lbs.

GRAIN — Wheat, sales common white Michigan at $1,20, red State at $1,08. Corn in good demand, sales at 48c afloat, car lots at 40c. Oats, sales State at 33½c.

BUFFALO, SEPT. 9. — FLOUR — Steady and in fair demand — Sales since Saturday noon, at $4,00@4,25 for extra Wisconsin; $4,50@4,87½ for extra Indiana and Ohio, and $5,00@5,50 for double extras.

GRAIN — Wheat, market dull and heavy but without quotable change. No sales were reported in the afternoon of Saturday. This morning, Chicago spring at 80c. Corn, in good demand and market a shade firmer, sales Saturday afternoon, at 35c, and choice on private terms. This morning, at 35c. Oats steady and in fair demand; sales this morning, at 25½c. Other grains quiet and nothing doing.

TORONTO, SEPT. 7. — The transactions of the week have been of the most limited character, principally retail. The stocks here are very light, and are chiefly extras. The small receipts of superfine immediately seek a market at Montreal, at which point there has been a fair demand all the week for fresh ground. In the absence of transactions, our quotations are purely nominal.

Superior extra	$5,25@5,75
Extra	4,75@5,00
Fancy	4,25@4,50
No One	4,00@4,20
No. Two	3,60@3,80

Oatmeal — The supply is still limited, and cannot be expected to increase before the new crop of oats is available. Good qualities would bring 4 25@4 50.

GRAIN — Prime Fall Wheat quiet at $1@1,05. Common to medium do 85@95c. Spring wheat quiet at 75@80c. Barley steady at 42@45c. Oats in good demand at 28@30c. Peas dull at 40@42. — *Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 4. — The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality, ₩ cwt	$8,50@9,00
Ordinary quality	7,75@8,25
Common quality	7,00@7,50
Inferior quality	6,00@7,00
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$50,00@60,00
Ordinary quality	40,00@50,00
Common quality	30,00@35,00
Inferior quality	22,00@25,00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ₩ lb	4½@5½c
Ordinary quality	4 @4½c
Common quality	3½@4 c
Inferior quality	3 @3½c
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality, ₩ head	$4,00@4,25
Ordinary quality	3,25@3,75
Common quality	2,75@3,00
Inferior quality	2,00@2,50
SWINE.	
First quality, ₩ lb	4½@4½c
Other qualities	3½@4½c

CAMBRIDGE, SEPT. 4. — At market 1170 Cattle, 900 Beeves, and 270 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old, not suitable for Beef.

PRICES — Market Beef — Extra, $6.25@6.50, first quality, $5,75, second do, $5.00@0.00, third do, $4.00.

WORKING OXEN — $80, $90@130.

COWS AND CALVES — $25, 30@45.

STORES — Yearlings, $10@12, Two years old, $13@16, Three years old, $17@19.

SHEEP AND LAMBS — 4,750 at market. Prices in lots at $1.25@1.75 each, extra and selections $2.17@2.75.

Spring Lambs — None.

HIDES — 4½@5c ₩ lb. Tallow, 5½@6c.

PELTS — 25c@$1. Calf Skins, 7@8c ₩ lb.

VEAL CALVES — $0@0.

BRIGHTON, SEPT. 5. — At market 600 Beeves, 500 Stores, 4,000 Sheep and Lambs, and 800 Swine.

PRICES — Market Beef — Extra, $6.75, first quality, $6.25, second do, $6.00, third do, $0.00@5,50.

MILCH COWS — $49@50, common, $19@21.

WORKING OXEN — $90, $100@130.

VEAL CALVES — $3,00@4.00.

YEARLINGS — $10@11; two years old, $13@14; three years old, $18@19 each.

HIDES — 4½@5c. Tallow, 5@5½c.

CALF SKINS — 8@9c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS — $1 25@1,50, extra and selections, $3,00@$3.50.

PELTS — 25c.@$1 00.

SWINE — Stores, wholesale, 5½@6 c, retail, 6½c; fat hogs, still fed, none, corn fed, none; spring pigs, 6½@6½c.

ALBANY, SEPT. 9. — BEEVES — Considering the comparatively heavy supply, the demand is good, and the prices of last week are fully sustained — in some instances the figures obtained are a shade higher. The average quality is better than the offerings of last Monday, and there are two or three droves that may be classed as premium. For the most part these will not make any money. We saw one drove of heavy premium Kentucky that ought to sell at about 5c ₩ lb, to make a profit, and not more than 4½c ₩ lb, live weight, has been offered for them. The New Yorkers do not want them, and the Eastern men say that they cannot afford to pay over 4½c. It is possible, however, that the choicest would bring 4½c ₩ lb, and we quote accordingly.

RECEIPTS — The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 16 to the car.

	This week.	Last week.	Cor. week last year
Cattle	3,712	3,136	3,476
Sheep	2,629	4,561	2,767
Hogs	108	42	231

PRICES — The market is moderately active at the following quotations. The outside quotations for premium is the asking price. There have been no sales at so high a figure.

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	4½@4¾c	0 @ 0c
Extra	4½@4½c	4½@4¾c
First quality	3¾@4 c	3¾@4 c
Second quality	3½@3½c	3 @3½c
Third quality	2½@3 c	2½@2¾c

SHEEP AND LAMBS — The market is comparatively bare, and what few buyers are here would be willing to pay ¼@½c ₩ lb advance over last week's price. McGraw Bros. took about 500 head at $2,75@3,00 ₩ head. Two bunches, aver. 108 lbs. sold at $2,75@2,80 ₩ head. A lot of prime extra might command $3,25 ₩ head, but we cannot hear of any sales outside of $3.

HOGS — The supply at East Albany is fair and demand moderate. Still-fed fat are selling at 3½@3½c; corn fed fat at 4@4½c. Stock hogs are very dull at 4@4½c, although one lot of prime Brighton Pigs brought 4½c. — *Atlas and Argus.*

TORONTO, AUGUST 3. — BEEF — Fresh Beef, $4.00@5,50 ₩ lb. SHEEP, $4 00@5,00 each. Lambs, $1,75@2,50 each. CALVES — $3@4 each. Bacon $6@7 ₩ 100 lbs. Hams $9@10 ₩ 100 lbs. Tallow, $5 ₩ 100 lbs. — *Globe.*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 7. — An active demand prevails for the low and medium grades, suitable for army purposes, but with a light stock transactions are limited, sales of 15,000 lbs at 36c. — South American are in more active demand, and considerable sales have been done at improving prices, but the particulars are kept private.

BOSTON, SEPT. 7. — The transactions in fleece and pulled wool have been quite extensive, comprising 400,000 lbs, at prices ranging from 31½@34½c ₩ lb., with a very firm feeling at the close. Throughout the West the demand has been quite active, and the bulk of the suitable grades for army clothing has been bought up at full prices. In Canada, also, considerable purchases have been made at 28@30c ₩ lb. The transactions in Foreign have been 750 bales, including Mediterranean, South American, and East India, at various prices, as to quality.

Saxony Fleece	33@34	Pulled No. 1	25@30
Full blood Merino	32@33	Do. No. 2	16@20
Three-fourth do	31@32	Texas	9@40
Half do	30@31	Smyrna, washed	15@25
Common	26@30	Do. unwashed	9@17
Western mixed	20@25	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Pulled Extra	36@40	Crimea	7@17
Do Superfine	30@38	Canada	29@33

DETROIT, SEPT. 7. — There is still much fine wool on hand amongst the growers that has not been sold. There have been a good many lots quietly picked up at our rates during the past week. The coarser wools are taken more readily than the purer grades. The reason of this is evident from the following list of rates paid in the Eastern markets, where the inquiry for coarse wools suitable for army cloths continues to be good. — Walter Brown gives the following as the quotations prevalent.

For very ordinary coarse lots	18@20c
For common clean coarse fleeces	20@22c
For clean ¼ and ½ blood Merino and Southdown	23@25c
For ¾ to full blood Merino	26@28c
For choice large clips of fine Merino as high as	30@32c

Michigan Farmer.

TORONTO, SEPT. 7. — Wool in small supply at 22@23c. ₩ lb. — *Globe.*

Married.

AT Christ Church, Binghamton, by the Rev. Milton C. Lightner, JOHN TRACY MYOATT, of Oxford, N. Y., MARY STEVENS, youngest daughter of HON. DANIEL S. DICKINSON.

Died.

IN this city, on the morning of the 9th instant, JACOB GRAVES, aged 76 years.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance — THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

☞ Its immense circulation among the Producers and Dealers of the Free States, renders the RURAL NEW-YORKER by far the Best and Cheapest Advertising Medium of its class. This FACT should be borne in mind by all Wholesale Dealers, Manufacturers, &c., who must necessarily depend upon the People of the North for patronage.

STRAWBERRY, RASPBERRY & BLACKBERRY Plants for sale. Send for Catalogue, inclosing stamp. J. KNOX, Box 155, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Berkshire Pigs — A few choice ones, from my Premium Stock, 6 mos. old, for sale.
609-2teo] WM. K. GRIDLEY, North Chili, Monroe Co., N. Y.

TRIOMPHE DE GAND STRAWBERRY Plants for sale — 50 cts. per doz., $2 per 100, $10 per 1,000.
J. KNOX, Box 155, Pittsburgh, Pa.

HOMES for BOYS WANTED. The New York Juvenile Asylum will Indenture to Farmers and others in good standing, Boys who have been disciplined and instructed in that institution, and who can be recommended as candidates for apprenticeship.
For further information address E. WRIGHT, Supt. House of Reception, No. 71 West 13th Street, New York City.

WILSON'S ALBANY STRAWBERRY Plants for sale — 15 cts. ₩ doz., $1 ₩ 100, $10 ₩ 1,000.
J. KNOX, Box 155, Pittsburgh, Pa.

STENCIL TOOLS — The best in the World, at fair prices. Address W. K. LANPHEAR & CO.,
609-4teo Box 1749 Cincinnati, Ohio.

GRAPE VINES FOR SALE. — DELAWARE, Concord, Diana, Hartford Prolific, Rebecca, &c. Send for Catalogue, inclosing stamp.
J. KNOX, Box 155, Pittsburgh, Pa.

FOR SALE — with immediate possession — in Northern Illinois, 2½ miles from the city of Beloit, Wis., (the seat of a flourishing College,) a first class stock and grain farm, of 253 acres, watered by a never failing stream, a good brick house, well supplied with wood, hard and soft water, large frame barn, and other outbuildings. Part of purchase money may remain if desired. Apply to HENRY BURTON, Beloit, Wis.

$20 ONLY. — Full Com'l College Course, Walworth's New Dep't, Lowville (N. Y.) Academy. Write.

A FARM WANTED, consisting of 200 acres or upwards. For particulars address Box 444, Albion, N. Y.

300 Acres Hoop & Stave Timbered Land for sale, or exchange in part. Apply at this Office.

TO NURSERYMEN. — 150 000 feet ⅝ box lumber, 18 feet long for sale at a price to suit the times, at the yard near St. Paul St. Bridge. R. H. EDGERTON.
Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 29, 1861. 608-2t

JOHNSTON'S BEAN HARVESTER. One man, with a horse, can harvest from five to eight acres in a day. Price $5. R. L. HOWARD,
608-3t Manufacturer, Buffalo, N. Y.

CANCER CURE. — DR. N. BABCOCK'S MEDICAL and SURGICAL OFFICE and great CANCER EMPORIUM, No. 392 Chapel St., New Haven, Conn. Cancers and Tumors of all descriptions removed without pain, and without the use of the knife. Dr. BABCOCK would inform all persons afflicted with Cancers or Tumors of any description, that by addressing a letter to him, they will be furnished with a circular of his mode of treatment, free of charge.
Dr. BABCOCK is the original Cancer Doctor of New England, and the only one who removes Cancers without pain. All others are but imitators, induced by his success to profess themselves Cancer Doctors. Plenty of references to those who have been cured can be seen at my office.
White Swellings, Hip Diseases, Birth Marks, Scrofulous and Malignant Ulcers, Diseases of the Mouth and Throat, Ulceration of the Bones, Tetter, Scald Head, and all Diseases of the Skin, permanently cured.
Orders from abroad promptly attended to.
DR. N. BABCOCK.
608-13t No. 392 Chapel St., New Haven, Conn.

A RARE CHANCE to MAKE MONEY. — I have patented a new article to dry and air clothes upon in the house, which for simplicity, neatness, convenience and cost, surpasses any thing heretofore used for this purpose. It is used on a stand and revolves so that articles may be hung on all sides of it, and all brought in turn near the fire, without moving a step. One that gives 80 feet to hang upon, can be made for 50 cents. I have also invented another without a stand. It is hung on the wall of the room, near the fire, under the mantle-shelf or any where that convenience requires — one that gives more room to hang upon than the old clothes bars, when folded is only 3 feet long and 6 inches wide. They are made of various sizes, costing from 10 to 25 cents each.
Household articles so useful as these should be in every family, and will be, as soon as they can be had. I wish to arrange with some one in every town, county, or State, to make and sell them. On the receipt of One Dollar I will grant the right to make 10, which will secure an exclusive town right 17 years, during the life of the patent, by paying, in advance, from time to time, one dime each, for 10 and upwards at a time, as the demand warrants. This is a rare chance to secure the exclusive right to make and sell two so valuable inventions on such terms. I have other valuable inventions for household convenience which will soon be out, that I will give extra chances to those who take hold of this and prosecute it with energy. Cuts, and full directions for making, will be sent with each grant. E. BUSS,
608-tf Yellow Springs, Greene County, Ohio.

"GET THE BEST."

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,
NEW PICTORIAL EDITION.
☞ Pictorial Illustrations of Military Terms.
Webster's Dictionary excels in these, and has, among others, pictorial representations of the following:
Barbacan, Bastion, Battlement, Bar-shot, Block-house, Bomb, Cannon, Carronade, Chain-shot, Cheveux-de-frise, Caltrop, Limbers, Madrier, Martello Tower, Mortar, Portcullis, Ravelin, Redan, Star Forts, &c.
No other English Dictionary published in this country has a fourth part of these.
SO ALSO ITS
Definitions of Military Terms.
As, the foregoing, and Abatis, Ambulance, Ambuscade, Armistice, Banquette, Bivouac, Brevet, Caisson, Caliber, Canister-shot, Cantonment, Caponiere, Casemate, Cartel, Chain-shot, Chamade, Commissary, Commissariat, Counterscarp, Chef de battalion, Cul de sac, Dahlgren gun, Minie rifle, &c., &c.
Sold by all Booksellers. 608-3t

FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY of WESTERN NEW YORK. — The next meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York will be held at the Court House, in the city of Rochester, commencing on Tuesday, the 1st day of Oct.
By order of Council. C. P. BISSELL, Sec'y.
Rochester, August 26, 1861.

TREES. — We offer for sale first class trees at the following prices:
Apples $30 ₩ 1,000, Standard Pears $200 ₩ 1,000, Dwarf Pears $130 ₩ 1,000, Cherries $80 ₩ 1,000, Plums $200 ₩ 1,000, Peaches $40 ₩ 1,000, Apple Seedlings $3.00 ₩ 1,000.
For particulars send for our Catalogue.
607-1f H. SOUTHWICK & SON, Dansville, Liv. Co., N. Y.

CHESTER COUNTY PIGS. — The undersigned is now prepared to execute orders for the fall trade, for his stock of *pure* Chester County Pigs. These are selected with great care and chiefly from premium stock. Reference is made to purchasers of past seasons, in all sections of the Union. Price, $18 per pair not akin, boxed and delivered in Philadelphia; payment in advance.
PASCHALL MORRIS, Agricultural and Seed Warehouse,
607-tf 1,120 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ITALIAN BEES CHEAPER THAN EVER.
PRICE OF ITALIAN QUEENS.
Fertilized by Italian Drones, with a small colony of sufficient size to insure their safe arrival to their place of destination, by Express, will be $5.00.
CLUB RATES.
If two Queens are ordered to one address..... $ 9.00
If three " " " " 10.00
If four " " " " 12.00
If six " " " " 18.00
Ministers of the Gospel supplied at $3.00, who are also entitled to the individual right of the Compound Hive, *free.*
Parties will find it to their advantage to order a Compound Hive complete, at the same time, as they will get more for less money. All communications answered if a 3 cent stamp is inclosed to pay return postage. Circulars giving full particulars will be sent, &c. K. P. KIDDER, Burlington, Vermont.

THE AUSTIN STRAWBERRY.
THIS remarkable variety, after three years' trial, has proved to be the
MOST WONDERFUL STRAWBERRY
in cultivation. It has been produced this year — 18 of the berries weighing one pound. It is as productive as the WILSON, much larger, and finer flavored, the berry is a beautiful scarlet, and commands the
HIGHEST MARKET PRICE.
It continues long in bearing, and maintains its large size throughout. It was sent to New York from Watervliet up to the 20th of July — long after all other varieties had disappeared. It is without doubt the most valuable market berry in cultivation. It is much more prolific than the Triomphe de Gand, larger in size, and altogether more attractive.
The plants of the AUSTIN are now offered at greatly reduced prices — viz. $1.00 per dozen, $5.00 per hundred, and $30.00 per thousand.
Orders addressed to CHAUNCY MILLER,
Aug. 1, 1861 607-4t Shaker Trustee, Albany, N. Y.

TREES! TREES AT WHOLESALE.
Toledo Nurseries.
FAHNESTOCK & BAKER.
We invite the attention of Nurserymen, Dealers and Planters to our very large and exceedingly fine Stock, and the very low prices at which we offer them. We are almost exclusively in the wholesale trade, hence Nurserymen and Wholesale Dealers will find us fully prepared to meet their wants.
Our Advantages over Eastern Nurseries.
1st. By making your purchases of us, you will save $12 to $15 per 1,000 Trees in transportation, besides the ruinous delays and risks.
2d. Our TREES being grown in the West on the best of soil, are acclimated and suited to the Western trade.
3d. They are out of the ground a much shorter time, hence less liable to injury. We pack in the best manner, in boxes with damp moss.
Read our prices and order early. "First come, first served."

Apple Trees, fine,	6 to 7 feet		$75.00 per 1,000	
Do.	" 5 to 4½ feet		65.00	"
Do. Dwarf	1 year		110.00	"
Do.	" 2 "		130.00	"
Pears, Standard,	2 "	$25 ₩ 100,	230.00	"
Do	" 1 "		180.00	"
Do. Dwarf	1 "		140.00	"
Do.	" extra 2 "	$20 ₩ 100,	180.00	"
Cherries, Standard, 5 to 7 feet		$14 ₩ 100.		
Do Dwarf, fine		$12 ₩ 100.		
Peach Trees			60.00	"

Currants Black Naples, $18; Red and White Dutch, $25, other sorts very low.
Grape Vines, Raspberries, Gooseberries, Blackberries, and Strawberries, in quantity, at the lowest prices.
Evergreens, 1 to 3½ feet, at war prices.
Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, and all kinds of Stocks very low. FAHNESTOCK & BAKER, Toledo, Ohio,
607-4teo Successors to A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS.

TO TREE DEALERS. — Before purchasing elsewhere, send for our *Wholesale Trade List* for the fall of 1861 and spring of 1862.
We offer a *very large* and extensive stock of Nursery articles, *well assorted*, and of the *very best quality*, at extremely low rates. C. B. MAXWELL & CO., Agents,
August 1, 1861. [606-6t] Dansville, Liv. Co., N. Y.

ELECTION NOTICE. — SHERIFF'S OFFICE, COUNTY OF MONROE.
Notice is Hereby Given, pursuant to the Statutes of this State, and of the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that the General Election will be held in this County, on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next; at which election the officers named in the annexed notice will be elected. HIRAM SMITH, Sheriff.
Dated, August 1st, 1861.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.
Albany, August 1, 1861.

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:

SIR, — Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State, on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Secretary of State, in the place of David R. Floyd Jones.
A Comptroller in the place of Robert Denniston.
An Attorney General, in the place of Charles G. Myers.
A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Van R. Richmond.
A State Treasurer, in the place of Philip Dorsheimer.
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Hiram Gardner, for full term.
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Benjamin F. Bruce, who was appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Samuel H. Barnes.
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Josiah T. Everest.
A Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the place of George F. Comstock.
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.
Also, a Justice of the Supreme Court, for the Seventh Judicial District, in the place of Henry Welles, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next.
Also, a Senator, for the Twenty-eighth Senate District, comprising the County of Monroe.

COUNTY OFFICERS TO BE ELECTED.

Three Members of Assembly.
A Sheriff, in the place of Hiram Smith.
A County Clerk, in the place of Dyer D. S. Brown.
A Superintendent of the Poor, in the place of Henry H. Babcock.
Two Justices of Sessions, in the places of Alpheus S. Clark and Daniel B. DeLand.
Three Coroners, in the place of Frederick Reichenback, Oscar F. Brown and James W. Craig.
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. 605-td

TO SEEDSMEN. — Champion of England, Early Kent, Bishop's Dwarf, Long Pod Dwarf, Dwarf Blue Imperial, Marrowfat, and other Peas, raised by
604-6t ROBERT HUME, Port Hope, Canada West.

A Splendid Farm to Let for a Term of 3 YEARS. — The subscriber, having been in feeble health for several years, has now concluded to try long sea voyages, and will let about 300 acres (all tillable) of his farm for a money rent. The farm is in perfect order and one of the best in the State for either grain or grass, excellently watered, buildings first rate. As he intends sailing by 1st of October it is important that intending offerers should view it immediately.
602-tf ROBT. J. SWAN.
Rose Hill Farm, near Geneva, Ont. Co., N. Y., July 20, 1861.

COUNTRY AGENTS WANTED. — $3 A DAY. Mrs. Hankins wants Agents at home or to travel for her Pictorial "FAMILY NEWSPAPER," also for her Curious New Book of FEMALE CHARACTERS IN THE CITY. For Specimens and Terms inclose red stamp to HANKINS & CO., New York. 578

AGENTS WANTED to SELL FRUIT TREES. We wish to employ a number of experienced and trustworthy men to sell trees, &c., from our Nurseries at liberal wages.
WHOLESALE DEALERS furnished with Nursery Stock of all descriptions at the *lowest wholesale rates.*
HOOKER, FARLEY & CO.,
584tf Rochester Wholesale Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

"FAMILY NEWSPAPER." — Mrs. Hankins' Mammoth Pictorial is in its Sixth Volume and has 300,000 readers. Full of Engravings and Fashion Plates. Largest, nicest and best in the world for 75 cts. a year. AGENTS wanted. Ladies, Teachers, Clergymen, or Post-Masters. For Specimen Copies and Terms to Agents, inclose red stamp to
578 HANKINS & CO., New York.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO'S IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES
WITH NEW
Glass Cloth Presser and Hemmers,
AT REDUCED PRICES.
THE WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO. beg to state that they have reduced the prices of their SEWING MACHINES, while they have added new and important improvements. The reduction is made in the hope that the Company will have no more legal expenses defending their patents.
Office 505 Broadway, New York.
S. W. DIBBLE, Agent,
579-tf ROCHESTER, N. Y.

"WOMEN OF NEW YORK." — Mrs. Hankins' Curious New Book of Female Characters in the City, is very interesting, and strictly moral. Fancy binding; 300 Pages, 50 Engravings, 36 Portraits. Mailed free for $1. AGENTS Wanted — Ladies and Teachers. For Description of Book and Particulars of Agency, inclose red stamp to
578 HANKINS & CO., New York.

LIME. — Page's Perpetual Kiln, Patented July, 1857 — Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 2½ cords of wood, or 1½ tons of coal to 100 bbls. — coal not mixed with stone. Address [434-tf] C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

"SEND THEM HOME TENDERLY."

Send them home tenderly,
The sleepers at rest,
With hands meekly folded
On each silent breast;
Let them come back to slumber
Beneath northern skies,
Where true hearts may weep o'er them,
And prayer-incense rise.

Send them home tenderly,
The noble and true,
Scarce gone from their hearthstones—
Scarce whisper'd "adieu"—
Gone forth for their country,
Its rights to sustain,
But, all bleeding and lifeless,
Returning again.

Send them home tenderly,
Our martyr'd and brave,
With the stripes and stars round them,
All robed for the grave.
Bereaved mothers shall clasp them
In pride to their breast,
And the good of our nation
Shall weep where they rest.

Send them home tenderly!
Each wound gaping wide
Shall send myriads of voices
From the dark purple tide;
And strong hands shall be grasping
The bright, unsheath'd sword,
With fresh fervor to battle
For right and the Lord.

The Story-Teller.

GRACE AND I.

[Concluded from page 292, last number.]

It was now the spring of the year—early spring—the last of March. The cattle lowed their welcome to the season, and jubilant crows sounded from the barn-yard where the fowls paraded. Patches of snow yet lingered in the fields and by the roadside, but in our door-yard there was a visible greenness springing up among the brown *debris* of last year's grass; blue-birds and robins sang now and then their prophecies of summer; the air was mild, and the brook, freed from its icy slumbers, made itself heard all day in soft delicious murmurs. I don't know if such weather affects other people as it does me; I feel—not exactly discontented—but such a longing after something. It seems as if freedom, change, travel—seeing new scenes and new faces—would be so delightful. However, there was no use in thinking of that. The most exciting event we had to look forward to was house-cleaning—and that brought up afresh our lack of means. Grace and I went to the barn to hunt for eggs, peered into every corner of the mangers, climbed all sorts of steep places at the risk of our necks, but found nothing. So we sat down on a hay-mow and fell into conversation about our affairs.

"We really ought to paint and paper the house this spring," said I.

"Yes—if we could."

"And the sitting-room carpet is too shabby for any thing. I'll never buy a cheap article of that sort again; there's not a bit of economy in it."

"Well, you know it was a choice between that or nothing. We had not the money for a good one. It looked much better than a bare floor."

"I suppose it did. Then the wall must be mended if we can ever get the mason to spare us an hour—and oh, that roof, it leaks so badly!"

"It can't be helped, Janet; we haven't the money to repair it. You know Mr. Brown said it would be quite an expensive job, if done thoroughly."

"But when shall we have any more? I'm tired of hoping for better crops or better prices; they never come. And the outside of the house is getting so bad; it looks more like a brown building than a white one. It ought to be painted, if only as a matter of economy. The longer we wait the more it will take to do it."

"Yes, if we could," said Grace, again.

"The fact is," I continued, "that we want two hundred dollars this very minute to do what really needs to be done—not what we would like, but what we want, to be respectable. Two hundred dollars, and we haven't two hundred cents! And there's no way of getting them that I can see, now or ever. The amount of it is, Grace, that I shall go distracted!"

"Don't," said she, by way of cheering me up. "That would only be making fresh expense."

"Oh no. They have a ward in the poor-house for lunatics of a harmless sort, and I don't think I shall be violent."

"But mother and I would miss you so."

"You may console yourselves with thoughts of following soon. You can regard me as 'not lost, but gone before.'"

Grace smiled. "It is rather wicked for us to talk so, even in jest," she said. "Things haven't come to quite that pass with us yet. But I do wish we could think of something to brighten up the scene a little." And forthwith we resolved ourselves most vigorously into a committee of ways and means, but with very small result.

"Grace," said I, "suppose you take to authorship. I dare-say you could do as well as a great many of them."

"Thank you," she replied; "but I fear I haven't the competent and critical knowledge of cookery and mantua-making necessary to success in that line."

"You mightn't do books, but you could be a 'Maude Meeke,' or something of that sort in the sensation papers."

"I haven't sufficient 'intellect,' Jenny. You know the heroes and heroines of those stories are always of the loftiest stamp. You remember what our little cousin used to say, 'Brag is a good dog, but Do is a better.' I am afraid that when I had proclaimed my hero, for instance, as possessing a mind of the highest order, and then had to furnish him out of my own brain with thoughts and remarks in unison with his exalted genius, the contrast between 'Brag' and 'Do' would be rather overpowering. Can't do it, my dear; haven't the first requisite."

A clever thought struck me. "Grace," said I, "let us prevail on mother to sell the farm!"

"Sell the farm!" cried she, in amazement; "what are you thinking of? Mother would no more do it than—" She paused for want of a strong enough comparison.

"But listen," I continued, earnestly. "Nearly all the money we raise from it goes back on the land again in the shape of seed, labor, and 'improvements' generally. Now if we sold the place we should have—" And I paused to do a sum in mental arithmetic. So many acres at such a sum per acre. "Dear me!" I exclaimed, "how little it is, after all."

"And think of parting with our home—the place we were born in, and where we have always lived? Why, Jenny, you don't know what it would be. Every corner of the house is dear to us, and every tree in the orchard has some association."

I felt all this, too; but the substantial benefits to be realized attracted me. The farm—say so much; then the "stock" would sell for something: we should have a little money in hand to help ourselves with. I expounded my views to Grace till she began to acknowledge the feasibility of the plan, and to build castles with me. Our "en Espagne" were not at all of a luxurious character; we did not expect idleness or amusement, but good, solid work, and such advantages as might accrue from it. We would rent a house in the village—Grace should teach, if she could obtain the necessary pupils; while I would raise our income to a comfortable standard by taking boarders. In our little town such a proceeding would involve no loss of "caste;" I was an adept in every sort of household labor, and could "set an excellent table," as the phrase is, if I only had things to set it with. There was no manner of doubt that I should do well. "Of course we shall have to keep busy," I said; "but that we are used to, and shall not mind. It will give us a great deal more to spend; and what is better, we shall know what we have. It won't go for things that make no return."

Once started, we went on as rapidly as the girl with the milk-pail. New carpets and chairs, and various other desirable acquisitions, shone upon us from the future. By-and-by, perhaps, if we did well, we might try some larger village; keep a boarding-school on a limited scale, Grace doing the head-work and I the hand. Our projects were wonderful, and we saw ourselves "laying up for old age," besides enjoying a great many comforts as we went along.

There was one terrible hindrance to the fulfillment of our desires—the getting mother to consent. Whenever we came to consider that branch of the subject we were brought up standing. It was like proposing a constitutional monarchy to an absolute sovereign, or informing a venerable president that the interests of the college require him to resign. It would be better for her as well as us could she only be brought to see it; but who should broach the matter?—who argue and convince her? We talked it over many a time, and got our courage *almost* to the point, as timid people with the toothache ponder the only remedy that can avail them, and wish so much they *could*, yet never quite accomplish it. Like them we deferred the dreaded moment.

One day mother had gone to take tea with a neighbor. Grace and I, as we turned and trimmed, and generally revamped those "best dresses" that we might have been known by any time during the last eight years, discussed our project for the thousandth time. A noise in the yard presently attracted my attention, and, looking out, I exclaimed, "Why, here's Dr. Olmsted!"

Dr. Olmsted was our Dr. Kittredge. Not that he owned two or three fine horses—his only steed was a very square-built sorrel pony, with a stumpy little tail that was no sort of defense against the flies; and in summer-time he used to go by decorated with so many green boughs that he might have passed for Birnam wood on its way to Dunsinane. Nor did our worthy Doctor dive into psychological causes and effects, as did that kindly philosopher. He was a member, in "good and regular standing," of the Baptist Church; and if he did not consider immersion as exactly needful to salvation, regarded it as the only proper "door," and thought that people who did not go in thereat had got into the fold in a very unauthorized manner. I call him our Dr. Kittredge, because he was the oracle for all that section of country in every thing pertaining to medicine. His devotees were as absolute, if not quite as numerous, as those of Buddh or Brahma. If people died any where about, it was their own fault, in that "they didn't have Olmsted;" and supposing him to have been infinitely divisible, so that every clime and country could have had him, there was no good reason why the present generation should not endure forever. To be sure, once in a great while patients *did* die under his care; but that was because their time had come, when of course no skill could save them.

For the rest, he was the kindest, best-hearted person living, and a great favorite with Grace and me, who had known him all our lives. His wife, now some four or five years dead, had been our dearest friend; one of those women on whose steadfast regard, chary of profession but prompt in deed, you could implicitly rely. The Doctor was now perhaps fifty-one or two, but very well preserved. As he dismounted from his sulky, which appeared to be a "cast," only done in mud instead of plaster, there was no one we could have been better pleased to see.

"Good afternoon, young women," he said, glancing in at us. "I hear your mother has some oats to sell. Can I look at them?"

"Certainly, Doctor. You'll find them in the carriage-house." He went his way, and presently returned, bidding us tell mother that he "would take the lot." Then disembarrassing himself of a very rough and shabby overcoat, he announced his intention of spending half an hour with us.

"Can't you stay to tea, Doctor?" said Grace.

"Have you any thing very nice to tempt me?" he inquired.

"Nothing more than warm biscuit and maple sirup. Have you had any sugar yet?"

"Not an ounce have I seen; the season has been very unfavorable. Well, if you'll give me an early tea I will stay for it." And we talked a while of neighborhood matters.

"Have I any thing of a purse-proud look?" he asked, after a time. "For I have received a heavy fee to-day."

"A consultation?" said I, for we knew he was often sent for from a distance."

"No; a case *de lunatico inquirendo*, a father taking out a commission to manage the affairs of his son, who is insane. I gave my testimony and was about to leave, when the man's lawyer reminded him that I must have my fee. He tendered me this coin, inquiring if it would satisfy me; and I informed him that it would, perfectly." So saying, he displayed—a dime!

"And he actually had the face to offer you that!" I exclaimed.

"My dear, he was perfectly honest about it; he no doubt considered that it was an ample remuneration for my time and trouble."

"It takes all sorts of people to make a world," I remarked, with truth if not originality.

"And a doctor gets acquainted with most of the varieties. Speaking of consultations, I had a case last week that was a little too much for flesh and blood. A man over beyond the Guernsey had hurt his leg very badly—(if you imagine, oh reader, that the Doctor said "limb" in compliment to ladies' society you are very much mistaken)—"and they sent for me. I went as soon as I could, and found quite an array of the brethren; three—four—physicians, they called themselves. We looked at the man and looked at each other, as wisely as we knew how, and then retired into a room by ourselves to consult. The youngest, as in duty bound, gave his opinion first—to save the life the limb must be amputated; the next one followed suit—I could hardly believe my ears; and so on till they came to me. 'Gentlemen,' said I, politely, 'I shall be glad to have you tell me *which* of his legs you propose to amputate!' Pack of ignoramuses! disgrace to the profession! The man will be around again in a month; and they would have sent him hobbling about on cork for the rest of his days!" And the Doctor's pleasant face glowed with indignation.

"Very fortunate for him," said my sister, "that he had such an accomplished surgeon to interfere in his behalf."

"No satire, if you please, Miss Grace. I don't profess to be Keate or Brodie, but I do claim to have a modicum of common sense." Which claim very few would incline to dispute.

Tea was ready by this time, and while the Doctor sipped his Hyson—very strong and sweet, with plenty of cream—he informed us that he was presently to have a partner in his business, on whom he expected to put all the long, hard rides and heavy work, while he enjoyed the *otium cum dignitate* in his office. The young man was quite a prodigy of good looks and talent, according to his account, and it was prophesied that Grace would lose her heart to him at sight. In return for this news we confided our own plans to him, and requested his advice concerning them. He thought the notion a very good one, and volunteered to say as much to mother, if we liked. This took such a load from our minds, and the whole thing seemed so much more feasible when a business man like Dr. Olmsted had approved it.

"I'll mention it day after to-morrow, when I come for the oats," he said, at parting. "Ah, girls! how comfortable you make a man. I should have had one of you in my own house long ago, if I could only have made up my mind which to take."

"Which of us would take *you*, you mean!" I answered, laughing.

"Nonsense! you would either of you jump at the chance of such a handsome young husband," he said, as he drove away.

I shut the door and we talked about him; how merry and kind he was, and how like a father to us! We speculated a little—not much—on the coming physician; whether he were really as "nice" as Dr. Olmsted boasted; whether we should consider him worth knowing or not.

"For that matter," observed my sister, "we shall not probably be called on to decide. Such an Adonis will hardly trouble himself to make the acquaintance of 'single ladies of a certain age.'"

Now if ever a speech sounded absurd it was this of Grace's, when you looked at her fair, sweet face and girlish figure. I told her so; and then we talked of what lay a great deal nearer our hearts than any doctor, young or old. Our plans seemed almost realized now that we had ventured to confide them to a third party, and we awaited, with mingled hope and anxiety, the Doctor's decisive visit.

He came as was agreed, and gently and skillfully worked the conversation round to the desired point. How nervously we listened to him! and made errands out of the room every now and then to escape the first burst of mother's surprise and wrath. For amazed and horrified she truly was. What! we had grown too genteel to live on a farm, hey? Wanted to move into the village and set up for ladies! Sell the farm, indeed, and leave herself without a home! The thing was too preposterous to be thought of for a moment.

The Doctor waited for her indignation to expend itself a little, and then proceeded to set before her all the proposed advantages. She fought every inch of the ground; but men have always a way, somehow, of domineering us about every thing of a business nature—putting us right down as ignorant or incapable where we differ from them. The Doctor so clearly proved to mother her utter unfitness to take charge of the farm—so set before her that she was the lawful prey and spoil of any one who had to deal with her—that in the end she promised to think about the matter. So we considered the victory as almost gained, and at once, in imagination, selected our house, engaged our boarders, and were in the full tide of successful operations.

But a sudden period was put to all our plans—Grace fell sick. Whether she had taken cold in house-cleaning, or got her feet wet in some of our long spring walks, we could not tell; but one day she complained of fever and a headache, and was soon prostrate with a severe and dangerous illness.

Oh how little, how worthless every ambition we had felt looked to me as I sat by her bedside in those long nights, watching her uneasy slumbers, and oppressed by the dread that she never would recover! Nothing was of any consequence except to see her well again; or if that could not be, to rest assured that she had passed into a happier state. We had a long time of suspense, for when the first violence of the disease was over the Doctor dreaded a decline, and for weeks we watched and waited; but at last there came a day when he had nothing but good news for us, and thenceforth she recovered rapidly. How happy we were! and what a miracle of skill we thought the Doctor!

While Grace was at the worst our old friend trusted her case to no one but himself. As she grew better he occasionally sent up his partner, or "pardner," as he was more commonly denominated. Nothing but an angel direct from heaven could possibly have looked sweeter than she did in her convalescence, and I could not wonder that his visits were continued long after they ceased to be strictly necessary.

"'Single females of a certain age,'" I remarked to Grace one day, "do not seem to frighten Dr. Morris as much as you apprehended."

She blushed a very guilty crimson. "I have no doubt," she said, "that he thinks us a couple of very nice old maids."

"Us!" I did not consider such barefaced hypocrisy worthy of a single comment.

It is a good thing that people in real life are not obliged to linger along, and have quarrels, and be miserable, as they are in novels, in order to "make out the story." Grace's true love contradicted the proverb and ran entirely smooth. Summer passed and autumn waned, and in the drear days of December we had a quiet wedding. It realized my every ambition for this darling sister. Dr. Morris was all that our old friend had claimed for him: handsome, gentlemanly, with mind and cultivation that more than satisfied her best ideal. Not wanting, either, in worldly prosperity, and, best of all, fitted to aid her progress in that path which, since her illness, she had most earnestly desired to tread.

In the course of the winter mother sold her farm, and we removed to the village; but we do not rely upon boarders for subsistence. It was very lonely without Grace, and Dr. Olmsted used to come in frequently to cheer us. Whether it is true, as he says, that he had "had thoughts of me for a long time," or that now, when only one was left he found it easier to make up his mind as to which of us he really wanted, I can not say. But he managed to persuade me that thirty and fifty-two are not such very different ages, and that looking on a man as a father for a good portion of your life is the best possible preparation for regarding him as a husband during the remainder of it.

Mother divides her time between the two houses, and is alternately "ridden over" by the youngsters of each, who conceive that grandma has no business in life but to make herself useful and agreeable to them. As for my own— But, as I live, there is the Doctor's sulky, and I must put away my writing and hurry Ann about the dinner, for he will be so hungry after his ride.

* * *

FEELING FOR A SUNBEAM.

The sun has just burst out through the clouds, and a heavy golden beam comes in at our window. How bright and cheerful! It comes in so silently, yet it speaks to the heart. Yes, thank God for sunshine! Ages on ages it has illuminated and gladdened a world, yet we hardly think of the great fountain of light and beauty.

Writing of sunshine brings to mind a touching incident which came under our observation as we were traveling in the cars. Opposite was seated a family of four, consisting of a man and his wife, and two children—boy and girl—twins, totally blind. Two lovelier children we never saw. The family were from the South. A Southern sun had given each cheek a rich olive complexion, relieved by a beautiful bloom upon the children's countenances. The boy was lightly built, had finely chiseled features, and hair of a light brown, clustering in rich curls around his neck. The girl was yet more slender, and fragile as a leaf, and of the most spiritualized beauty. Her hair was black as night, its heavy glossy tresses confined by a golden band, which glittered brightly upon the dark background. They both seemed happy, conversing with an intelligence beyond their years. The train stopped for a moment upon their route. The windows were all raised, and the children leaning out as if to see. The little girl heaved a long sigh, and then leaned back in the seat, exclaiming, "O, mother, I cannot see anything." A tear trembled in her eye, and her voice was so sad and low that it went to the heart of every passenger who heard the beautiful and unfortunate creature.

"Neither can I see, Belle; but I think that every-thing is beautiful," said her brother, as the light wind lifted the thin locks. "You are beautiful, are you not, Belle?"

Just then a flood of sunshine gushed from the white clouds in the west, like a flash, and then fell full and warm upon the cheek of the sad girl, and upon the tears in her eyes. Quick as thought she put up her hand, and attempted to grasp the golden pencils that were playing through the braids upon her neck and cheek. Eagerly she shut her hand upon vacancy, and a shadow fell upon her countenance as she failed to touch the sunshine.

"Mother, I cannot feel it; has it fled out of the window?"

"What, Belle?"

"The sunshine mother. It touches my cheek, but I cannot touch it."

The mother's eyes swam in tears, as did those of nearly all in the cars. The blind girl feeling for a sunbeam upon her cheek! That beam was radiant with beauty, yet she could not behold it. It gleamed upon a world, yet all was night to her. Its silver bursting in the east, or its golden light fading in the west, followed as day followed day; but it burst not upon her vision, or faded at decline of day. It glowed in the sky, upon forest, field, lake and river; but not in the blue orbs of the sightless girl. By a singular coincidence the boy tried to feel of the breeze that came cool upon the cheek as the cars sped swiftly on. The breeze swept over the yellow fields and meadows, and still waters, and coquetted with the locks of the blind boy; but its footsteps were unseen by him. We involuntarily thanked God that we could look upon the beautiful world He has made, and dropped a tear for the hapless children who must grope their way to the grave through a long night. But the light of bliss will burst upon them.

Wit and Humor.

PRENTICE'S FRIEND BOB.

Our neighbor Bob McKee, the very smart editor of the *Courier*, as soon as he learned the result of Monday's election, started off upon a fishing excursion. When the twelve disciples were in great trouble and perplexity as to what they should or could do next, Simon Peter, with his usual facility of resource, said, "I go a fishing," and Bob said so too. He was so appalled by the popular voice, that he at once bounded from pull to pole. Finding that in political conflict he was out of his element, he went to see whether he couldn't haul a few pike, bass, and catfish out of theirs. Realizing that he could no longer cheat the people, he lowered his pretensions materially and undertook to retrieve his self-esteem by fooling the poor, simple fishes. Unable to lead voters by the nose, he thought he would try to pull fishes by the lip. His present employment is decidedly the less scaly of the two, and we hope he will have few hills and mountains to scale, and a good many fishes. It is highly probable that his finny victims will swallow his bait more readily than his readers have swallowed his statements. We protest against his using nets; let him take his fish as his Southern friends took their forts, arsenals, mints, and revenue cutters—by hooking them. We commend him to the fishing rod, and we commend the rod to him; for we know of no editor that more deserves it or deserves more of it. In case he drops a line to a fine pike just to tell him he would like to see him to dinner, he may, if his liquors are good, drop us a line of like import. If at any time the question shall be whether he shall pull a big fish out, or a big fish shall pull him in, both parties will please remember that we are a strict neutrality man. If he shall get into the river and be devoured by the inhabitants of the flood, we hope he will agree with them better than he has ever agreed with any patriotic party. We presume, however, there is no danger of his drowning, else there is no truth in old adages. If he does not repent of his sins amid the calm and quiet scenes of nature, the worst we can have the heart to wish him is, that the musquitoes, ticks, sand flies, and cross dogs may bite, and the fishes not. And please remember, dear Bob, in all your fishing experiences, that the devil is the chief of fishermen, and that you are his Bob.

* * *

"Comfort" that the F. F. V.'s can't take this year. Old Point Comfort.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 5, 2, 11 is an instrument formed of steel.
My 8, 12, 12, 2, 11 is a kind of fruit.
My 4, 5, 15, 11 is an indorsement put on passports.
My 7, 3, 6, 2 was a Jewish King.
My 8, 11, 16, 7, 11 is a name.
My 16, 5, 6, 2 is often starved.
My 11, 2, 2, 5, 13 is a county in Texas.
My 12, 5, 15, 8 is a city in Italy.
My 13, 14, 10, 9 is a very large fish.
My whole is the name of a learned and authentic Jewish historian. W. H. Tracy.
Palmyra, Wayne Co., N. Y., 1861.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

* * *

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ENIGMA.

The following enigma calls for an explanation. If correctly read, it will be found to be an *awful* attempt at poetry. Try it:

T. HESTOR. M. EYJE, DEDI. AH!
nooos.
T. Helh, under! R. Ol Ll. ed?
F—romp; O! Let O potstt
He—L. (I) ght. Nieg 6s. shed,
Froms. kyto skyt. He (cst) T (?)
Lest U C kupt. Heir tail sand
Ro nand sod (I) id Didi!

Glendale, Ohio, 1861. J. M. C.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

* * *

CHARADE.

My first is of the feline breed,
My second all its race doth lead,
My third you look at as you read.
My whole was a bold conspirator,
Who strove to be great Rome's dictator.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

* * *

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

General Butler being suspicious that Jeff Davis was constructing batteries in the vicinity of Fortress Monroe, gave orders to Prof. Carlincourt to make an aerial ascension. The General accompanying him, they rose the height of two (2) miles, and with a telescope they observed the rebels constructing batteries at Sewall's Point. Wishing to know its distance from the Fortress, they measured the angle formed by lines drawn from their elevation to the Fortress and to Sewall's Point, and found it to be 96° 50′ 0″,—and the angle included between the perpendicular let fall upon the earth from the balloon and Fortress Monroe to be 12° 32′. How far is Sewall's Point from Fortress Monroe?

Gouverneur, N. Y., 1861. Edwin A. Douds.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

* * *

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 607.

Answer to Geographical Enigma.—Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—256,000 acres, or 20 miles square.

Answer to Cobbler's Sign:

SHO$^{E}_{P}$

Answer to Charade:—A bun dance.

Advertisements.

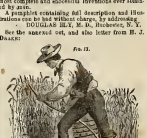
AN ARTIFICIAL LEG
Invented by Douglas Bly, M. D.

By frequent dissections, the Doctor succeeded in embodying the principles of the natural leg in an artificial one, and by so doing produced one of the most complete and successful inventions ever attained by man.

A pamphlet containing full description and illustrations can be had without charge, by addressing
DOUGLAS BLY, M. D., Rochester, N. Y.

See the annexed cut, and also letter from H. J. Drake:

Fig. 13.



Dr. Bly—*Dear Sir* The artificial leg you made for me serves me better than I ever supposed any artificial leg could.

I have mowed my grass myself—and that, too, on the marsh, where it is very boggy. I have cradled my oats myself and raked and bound them; and I have been all around the neighborhood threshing. In fact I can do most all kinds of work.

The side motion at the ankle-joint is worth every-thing. If I step on a stick or a stone, or on any uneven place, the ankle yields just enough to let the foot accommodate itself to it, and thereby prevents all stumbling or inconvenience.

Most sincerely and thankfully yours,
H. J. DRAKE.
Chelsea, Mich., August 15, 1861.

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KEYSTONE CIDER AND WINE MILL.

This admirable machine is now ready for the fruit harvest of 1861. It is, if possible, made better than ever before, and well worthy the attention of farmers wanting such Machines.

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